THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889. $4.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 44

LILIES.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I have brought you a spray of lilies,
To lay on your pure white breast;
Never have flowers so perfect
Found such a place to rest.

Kiss them, caress and love them,
These lilies pure and fair;
Then place them above your heart, for
The soul of my soul lies there.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHRISTABEL DEVEREUX'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, with a sinking heart, I entered the library, where my guardian was awaiting me. Winifred had promised that we should not be left long alone together; but, as he had expressed a wish to see me in private, I had to face him in the first instance by myself.

Marcus Basset was standing by the window as I entered, but he turned quickly round, and shook hands calmly and coldly; then he placed a chair for me, and sat down opposite.

When he began to speak it was with a deliberate unimpassioned way that gave me the impression that he had a great reserve of power.

"I am quite aware, Christabel," he said, in measured tones, "that the news I bring you will be unwelcome, and that you will struggle hard to disbelieve certain facts that I shall presently bring before you; but at the same time I may as well tell you that I have in my hands absolute proofs of those same facts, and that to fight against truth will only do injury both to yourself and your cause."

He paused then to scan my face with his keen fierce eyes. I met his glance for once without quailing, for my blood was beginning to rise at the covert menace of his tone.

"What do you mean?" I asked rather haughtily. "Explain yourself, please."

"I will; and I suppose it will be useless to preface what I have to say by reminding you that I am acting only for your good in this matter. You would not believe me."

He paused for a reply; but, as none was forthcoming, he proceeded.

"When I first consented to your engagement with Vere Mannesty I did so gladly and willingly, having every reason to believe that he was an honorable man, and a suitable husband for you. Since that time however certain facts have come to my knowledge which have forced me to alter my opinion."

"Whether they alter mine," I said proudly, "remains to be proved."

"Everything shall be proved," he answered quietly. "Meanwhile, I am sorry to have to tell you that the marriage cannot take place."

"You mean, that you wish it postponed?"

"I mean that the engagement must be broken off altogether."

For a moment I sat quite still, half stunned; then I rallied myself and took courage.

"It shall not be broken off at your bidding. Do your worst—you can only separate us for a little more than twelve months. Do you think I cannot wait that time for Vere?"

"In all probability you will have longer to wait than that, Christabel."

"How long then must I wait?" I asked, holding up my head proudly.

"Ah, that I cannot tell—nobody can tell yet! You will have to wait until his first wife is dead before you can become his second!"

These words were spoken with a slow deliberate emphasis that was terrible to hear.

I clasped my hands closely together and struggled hard, not in vain, to appear calm.

"I do not believe a word you say," I answered steadily.

"I do not ask you to believe me—it is not likely you would. All I ask you to believe is the proof I can produce."

"I shall believe nothing but Vere's own word."

Marcus Basset glanced at me fiercely, a lurid light in his eyes; but he spoke with cool scorn.

"Mr. Mannesty is evidently a very successful wooer," he said. "His wife is an exceptionally pretty woman—not a lady exactly; but then I do not suppose he intended to produce her in society. You need not look so very defiant, my dear Christabel. I suppose you will believe in the authority of a properly attested certificate?"

"I shall believe nothing but Vere's own word," I repeated doggedly. My trust in my lover was not shaken, yet I felt as if a net were closing around me.

"We can easily extort confession from Mr. Mannesty by confronting him with his wife," said my guardian, with cool deliberation. "Meanwhile, of course, all further proceedings must be stopped. There can be no wedding on Tuesday."

"I shall marry Vere when the time comes, in spite of all you can say. I do not believe a word of your infamous story!" I cried desperately.

"You cannot marry while you are a minor without my consent, Christabel; and I leave you to judge whether it is likely that I shall sanction your going through the ceremony of marriage with a man who has a wife and two children living. I am very sorry for you. You have been shamefully deceived; but you must never see Vere Mannesty again."

As these relentless words fell upon my ears a mist rose before my eyes, and for a few moments I lost consciousness of what was passing.

When I recovered my senses Winifred was leaning over me and holding my hands, while Mr. Lovelace and my guardian talked apart in a low undertone.

"It is impossible," Winifred was saying—"it cannot be true! The boy whom I have known and petted ever since he was in the nursery, and who has told me all his secrets ever since he was in knickerbockers—oh, impossible!"

Mr. Basset compressed his lips rather oddly.

"I am afraid there is a limit to the confidence of young men. I am inexpressibly sorry to have to bring this charge against your own kinsman; but you will see for yourself that I had no alternative."

"Certainly not, if you have proofs," said Mr. Lovelace unhesitatingly.

"I regret to say I have."

"May I see them?"

"Most certainly. I should wish you to do so. I have not brought them with me today, for the reason that my mother wished to be the one to show them to Christabel. She thought that, as a woman and a mother, she would get through the unpleasant duty better than I could. Then she also said—and, as it seemed to me, with reason—that, when Christabel is convinced of the unworthiness of the man to whom her troth is plighted, a meet between them must at all costs be avoided, and to that end she is ready to receive my ward for a short time as a guest beneath her roof. Mannesty being a kinsman of yours, you can hardly shut your doors against him, and yet Christabel ought not to be subjected to the ordeal of a meeting."

All this time had been spoken in a low tone by my guardian to Mr. Lovelace; but Winifred and I heard it, and I gripped her hand convulsively.

"'Don't let me go there!' I whispered. "Don't let him take me away! I shall die of terror!"

"Christabel," said Mr. Lovelace, turning kindly towards me, "this is a very awkward piece of business, and must be well looked into before we can say any more about it. Your guardian thinks it will be best for you to stay for a short time with his mother while we look into things, and get the next few days over. On the whole I think he is right. You ought not to be here when Vere returns; you ought not to see him again until it is all cleared up one way or the other."

I could not speak; I could only look appealingly at Winifred.

"I do not think she is fit to go," she said. "She has gone through quite enough as it is."

Marcus Basset looked keenly at me, and said, in a low gentle way—

"I think myself that she would be better for a little change, and for living in a house less full of associations than this. You know that I have done all I could to further this marriage. I am aware that, for some inexplicable reason, I have been looked upon in some quarters with fear and distrust, and therefore I have been careful not to raise a single obstacle to my suggestion. Nothing short of the discovery that the marriage would be absolutely invalid would have induced me to speak now. I do not think any one who calmly surveys the situation can accuse me of any precipitancy or needless interference."

"Certainly not—certainly not," agreed Mr. Lovelace.

"All that I ask now—and I ask where I might, if I chose, command—is that Christabel shall pay a short visit to my mother's house, until this painful manner is adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, and the misguided young man has withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood—unless indeed he can satisfactorily explain his conduct, which I fear is absolutely impossible. My mother has often expressed a wish to see my ward; but, as some instinct warned me that such an interview would be distasteful to Christabel, I have always dissuaded my mother from pressing it. Now however it is my wish that for a short time she should accept this hospitality, and I can only add that, if her sojourn with us in unpleasant to her, I will make it as short as is consistent with propriety. I think I cannot do more than that."

"Why, no, to be sure; it is all reasonable enough," declared Mr. Lovelace, while Winifred looked anxiously into my scared face and said quickly—

"You will not keep her long? You will soon let her come back to me? You will let our house be her home during the remainder of her minority?"

"Yes, certainly; I shall be most happy to do so if she is happy with you, and if you are willing to have her. So soon as young Mannesty can be induced to take himself off, and Christabel can come to you without running any risk of meeting him, I shall be very pleased for you to take her back. My mother's house will be very dull for her. I do not expect to keep her there long."

I listened to all this quiet reasonable talk in dumb despair. I knew from the first moment that I should have to go; yet to go in this way seemed almost worse than to be taken by violence.

Had my guardian carried me off by brute force my friends would at least have known that I was a helpless victim of tyranny, whereas now they would hardly even pity me, and certainly would not attempt to rescue me from his clutches.

Marcus Basset lunched with us that day; but I could eat nothing, and soon left the table to prepare for my drive, which was to be taken in Winifred's carriage. My things would be sent after me in the luggage-cart—such articles as I should want for a week's visit.

"I know it is all a wicked, wicked lie!" I said vehemently to Winifred, when I found myself alone with her. "Tell Vere so, with my best love. Tell him I shall wait every day for him to come and refute the calumny and bring me home again. Give him my love, and tell him I will never, never, never distrust him!"

"Yes, yes, darling, I will; and to-morrow Trevor and I will come over and see you, and look at these proofs. No harm can happen to you, and we will soon have you back again."

So Winifred talked on, trying to comfort me, and to ignore the terror she could not charm away; and I accepting the inevitable as nothing else was left me to do, walked to the carriage, feeling very much, I imagine, as the condemned criminal must feel when walking to the gallows.

Marcus Basset handed me in, and took his seat beside me. I did not look at him nor address him once during the long drive. I only leaned back in my corner and shut my eyes, wishing that I could shut out all the vague distressing fears of impending danger that filled my whole soul with overpowering dread.

At length, after what seemed an interminable time, we reached our destination; and I opened my eyes upon a scene as different from what I had left behind as anything well could be.

Lonely and desolate, in the midst of the flat Fen-country, stood my guardian's house, a bare dreary stone building, with old-fashioned narrow windows set high in the solid walls and protected in some cases by iron bars.

A wide shallow pond, coated with dank dying weed, lay in front of the house and far too near for health. Vegetation was scant and stunted, for the water was bitter and almost salt; and in the distance could be seen the long gray lines of the sea, from which great flocks of gulls came flying to brood and feed in the marshy flats that stretched away behind the house. The nearest village was nearly a mile distant.

I followed my guardian into one of the dark gloomy rooms, that struck chill and dank as a vault as I entered. Here we were confronted by his mother, a tall gaunt woman, with a face as rigid, eyes as piercing, and a mouth as grimly set as Marcus Basset's own. There was something so unspeakably cold and repellent in the aspect of this terrible old woman that I shrank back terrified.

Mrs. Basset looked from me to her son, and said—

"So you have brought her." And then she touched my forehead with her icy lips, and bade me welcome to Fenmore End.

Marcus Basset gave me no time for reply.

"Show her the papers, mother," he said curtly. "Let her see the proofs, and then send her to her room to rest. She is not strong, and has gone through a good deal to-day."

"I will be very careful of her," Mrs. Basset answered; and then she spread out upon the table some papers which she invited

me to inspect. "This is an attested certificate of the marriage of Vere Mannesty, of Altonbridge Manor House, to one Lucy Wickham, of Rill, in Yorkshire. The marriage took place, as you will see, on June 19, 18—; and here are two certificates of the birth of their children during the three following years. All these certificates are absolutely genuine, as Mr. Lovelace, or anybody who understands such matters, will tell you; and, unless Mr. Mannesty can prove that his wife is dead—which, from enquiries made, seems most improbable—he cannot marry you, nor do I suppose, after these revelations of his duplicity, that you would wish to see him again in any circumstances whatever."

I made no reply to these comments. I looked at the papers and read the words they contained; but no impression was conveyed to my dizzy brain.

I had known from the first that I should be confronted with evidence that I should not be able to dispute; but as for distrusting Vere on the authority of these miserable bits of paper—the idea was preposterous! My brave, noble, tender Vere, the soul of honor and chivalry—oh, it was too much—too much!

"I know it is all a mistake," I said quietly. "When Mr. Mannesty comes, he will be able to explain all."

Mrs. Basset looked sharply at me; but my guardian spoke before she had time to do so.

"Take Christabel to her room now; she is tired and unnerved. A good night's rest will be the best thing for her in her present state."

Mrs. Basset, without a word, led the way to the rooms that had been prepared for me. They were situated at some distance from that part of the house which was usually inhabited, and indeed could be quite shut off from the rest of the building by a stout double door.

The windows were barred, and looked only into a small kitchen garden surrounded by a high wall. There was a sitting-room at my disposal, and beyond this a bedroom, both reached by the narrow passage from the double door.

The passage was lighted only from a small aperture high up in the wall, protected by iron bars. I little knew of what service this aperture would ultimately be to me.

Mrs. Basset hoped I should be comfortable, and left me to enter my sitting-room alone; but as I did so somebody came out from the bed-room and confronted me, with a smile upon her pale face. It was my maid Carter.

"I am sure I hope you will find everything to your liking, ma'am," she said. "These are the rooms that were used by the late Mrs. Marcus Basset."

I dismissed Carter with more imperiousness of manner than I was accustomed to show, and as soon as I found myself alone I sat down and tried to review my position.

I did not want to admit even to myself that I was terribly afraid. I tried to persuade myself that there was nothing unreasonable or peculiar in this visit to my guardian's house, that it would not last long, and that as soon as Vere could vindicate himself—for I never for one moment doubted him—I should be restored to him and to the friends I loved, who were but a few miles away.

I could find no reason for complaint at the treatment I had received. My guardian had shown me no harshness or discourtesy, yet I was profoundly distrustful of him, and of the motive that had prompted him to bring about this visit.

I did not believe for a moment that the papers he had submitted to me were genuine; and the pains he had been at to make out a case against Vere gave me sufficient cause for uneasiness.

My first act was to write a letter to Winifred. I did not say one-half of what I felt, because I knew Mr. Lovelace's practical nature, and was anxious to appear reasonable in his eyes as well as in those of his wife. I said that I had confidence in Vere, that Mr. Basset's accusation had not made any impression upon me, and that I hoped she would come and see me as soon as she possibly could, as I felt very lonely in this strange place, and wanted to talk to her.

I wrote this letter before I removed my outdoor garments, and I took it myself into the hall, hoping I might be able to slip out unperceived, and post it myself. But before I reached the hall door my guardian stepped out from a neighboring room and confronted me.

"Where are you going, Christabel?"

The question was quietly asked, but it made me turn hot and then cold.

"Only for a little turn before dark."

He smiled rather grimly.

"It is nearly dark now, and a heavy fog is coming on. You are not fit to be out. I hoped you were resting in your own room."

"I am not tired, thank you. I have been writing a letter, and I wanted to post it." I said this, as I saw him looking at the letter I held in my hand.

"I will post it for you if you are anxious about it," he replied; "or, if you would rather, you can put it in the post-box. The usual messenger will be here in about half an hour for the letters; but I cannot allow you to go out in this mist and damp. Besides, the post-office is more than a mile away."

I reluctantly placed my letter in the box, and slowly mounted the stairs to my own room.

A dull heavy-weight seemed to be resting upon me. I was glad to admit my fatigue and the indisposition attributed to me, and to creep into bed and try to forget my troubles and fears in the restless sleep that came to me after a time.

My night's rest did not do me much good, and the next morning I awoke unrefreshed. Carter brought me my breakfast before I arose.

"My mistress hopes you will remain quietly in bed as long as ever you like," she said.

I was in no haste to meet the Bassets, and my head still ached and throbbed, so that I was glad enough to remain in my room and avoid going down to the early dinner at one o'clock.

Mrs. Basset paid me a visit soon afterwards, expressed herself concerned at my delicate appearance, begged me to keep very quiet and not brood more than I could help on the sorrow that had overtaken me, and left, advising that I should try to get a quiet sleep. Her manner was not unkind; yet I felt intensely oppressed by her presence, and was thankful when she rose and left me.

I had no intention however of going to sleep. I was convinced that Winifred would drive over to see me that afternoon, and I was determinined that on no pretence whatever would I be prevented from seeing her.

From my own windows I could see nothing beyond the dull little kitchen-garden, in which an odd-looking man, with a crop of flint-white locks, had been working all the morning, with stolid diligence.

I wanted to obtain a view of the road leading to the house and, leaving my room I found my way to a window in an opposite corridor which looked the right way.

I took up my station there, and in about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing the Alton Edge carriage coming rapidly towards the house.

So they were coming at last; in five minutes more I should see Winifred. I ran back to my room, thinking that I would ask her to come up and see me there.

I waited until I was certain Winifred and my hostess had had time to exchange greetings, and then I rang my bell to send down my message to the drawing-room. Nobody came however in answer to the repeated peals, and I felt vexed, for I did not particularly wish to have to go down on my own errand.

I supposed the servants' hall was out of ear-shot of my bell; so, after fuming a little at the house being so ill-served, I decided to wait upon myself.

I passed out into the corridor, and was puzzled at seeing that the swing-doors that had been standing open only a few minutes ago were now closed, cutting the corridor off from the rest of the house.

With a chill misgiving, I advanced hastily towards them. My vague fear soon became a terrible certainty—they were fast locked on the outside, and I was a prisoner!

A horrible dread seized me for a moment, and, in a perfect frenzy of passion and fear, I beat upon the doors and called aloud for help. I might as well have spared myself the trouble and fatigue.

Convinced that no help could reach me in this way, I ran back to my own rooms and threw up one of the windows. The white-headed man was working below, and looked up at the noise I made.

I called to him; I tried to make him understand how I was locked up, and to get him to intercept Mrs. Lovelace and tell her so; but he only stood gazing up at me, smiling vacantly, and chattering from time to time in an utterly unintelligible fashion.

With a sickening sense of impotence and misery, I turned away at last, for the man was plainly an imbecile; he could do nothing to help me.

For an hour I paced my prison distractedly. My captors had shown their hand at last. Foul play of some kind was meditated, or they would not have kept me from my friends in this way. It seemed an eternity to me before anything happened to break the terrible solitude of my position; but at last Carter walked into the room as quietly as if nothing had happened, bearing in her hands a tray with some tea for me.

I gave one fierce glance, and swept haughtily past her without a word. My blood was up, and for a time my fears were forgotten.

The folding doors were open now. I passed through them, and walked deliberately down-stairs and into the drawing-room.

As I expected, I found Mrs. Basset and her son together, and alone. They stopped speaking as I entered.

"Where is Mrs. Lovelace?" I asked.

"She has just gone, my dear," Mrs. Basset answered, "She left a kind message for you. I hope you have enjoyed a nice sleep. I think you look all the better for it."

"Was it by your orders that I was locked in my rooms whilst Mrs. Lovelace was here, in order that I might not see her?"

My guardian here stepped quietly forward.

"It was my wish," he said, "that you and Mrs. Lovelace should not meet for a few days; and her husband fully agrees with me. You are both very credulous and impulsive, and not fit to judge for yourselves in a crisis like this. When Mr. Mannesty has confessed his guilt, and gone away, you are welcome to go where you will and see whom you will; but just now I have your good name to guard, and I shall do it at all costs."

I flushed hotly, more at the tone than at the words.

"You have no right to keep me a prisoner!" I cried. "You should have told me of your intention before you lured me here under false pretences. Do you suppose I would have come had I known you proposed separating me from my friends."

"Certainly I do," he answered coldly. "You would have had no alternative. I am your guardian."

"Do not be childish," said Mrs. Basset, anticipating any retort I might have made. "Mrs. Lovelace was told that it was indisposition that kept you confined to your room."

"She would know I should wish to see her in any case. I know she wanted to see me. What false excuse did you invent to prevent her doing so?"

My words were perhaps more frank than polite. Mrs. Basset's face wore its most frigid look.

"I told her what was perfectly true—that you were indisposed, and better left quiet. She understood me, and ceased to press the point."

"You made her think I did not wish to see her?" I cried passionately. "You made her think I distrusted Vere and did not like to meet her. You——"

I stopped suddenly, for I had caught sight of my guardian's face in a mirror opposite, and I saw it light up as I spoke with a gleam of malevolent triumph. That told me the whole truth, as nothing else could have done.

They wished to make my friends believe that I distrusted Vere, and they had already partially succeeded. I did not doubt now that my letter to Winifred had been intercepted. For the future I must be my own letter-carrier.

The smile of Marcus Basset's checked further speech on my part. What was the use of invective or entreaty against the iron will opposed to me? I lost heart utterly, and, turning away without another word, walked back to my own rooms, which I declined to leave again all that day.

I passed a miserable restless night; but I rose more calm and resolute, for I knew my only chance lay in remaining self-possessed and brave.

I decided to join Mrs. Basset and her son at breakfast. It did not suit me to be treated as an invalid and made a prisoner at their pleasure!

My guardian had evidently some sinister plan in his head, and my part was to try to find out what it was, and if possible to circumvent him.

I had not considered how I should meet him; but when he came forward to greet me, holding out his hand and smiling in that enigmatic fashion of his, I suddenly drew back; I could not give him my hand.

"I shake hands with my friends," I said, passing him haughtily by.

A strange livid tint darkened his face, and his eyes flashed in a way that made me shrink back in terror; but I could not unsay my words, even had I wished.

"So it is to be war between us, Christabel?" he asked, looking me full in the face.

"You know that better than I," I answered. "At present it looks to me a little like it."

"It will be your doing if it is," he said coldly. "I am only striving to do my duty towards you. Before you declare war, remember that I am better as a friend than a foe."

It seemed to me that there was a sinister menace conveyed in these words.

The day dragged heavily by. I asked leave to go out, for I found that I had no real liberty of action accorded me.

Mrs. Basset recommended me to confine my promenade to the flagged walks round the kitchen-garden, as the only dry spot in the whole place; and, as my policy was to-day one of submission, even of conciliation I made no objection to this not very inviting proposition.

I was intensely anxious to learn where the village post-office was situated, and to transmit to its care with my own hands a letter to Vere; but I knew that I should not accomplish this task unless I could first allay the suspicions of my jealous guardians.

I was permitted to go unattended into the little walled garden. Possibly I was watched from some window, but that I neither knew nor cared about. I only wanted fresh air and exercise, and it was a relief to feel myself outside that gloomy house.

The half-witted man was at work in the garden. I spoke to him once or twice as he passed, and he seemed to be pleased at the friendly notice. He gathered me a poor little rain-battered rose from a bush that grew against the house, and when I thanked him and put into my button-hole he seemed to be immensely delighted and flattered.

His speech was barely intelligible, but he apparently understood what I said to him, and I went indoors with a warmer feeling at my heart.

Even the smiles of this poor idiot seemed to make my lot one degree less lonely. Was it possible that some day he might be useful to me? I could feel no certainty of this; but even the vague hope was some comfort to me.

It was Saturday, the day of Vere's return to Alton Edge. I could hardly keep back my tears at the thought, despite my determination to be calm.

Vere would return to-day, and what would be the news he would hear? That I had been carried off to Fenmore End, of course; but might not he also hear that I had believed the calumny invented against him, and had repudiated his love? What had the Bassets said of me? Their wicked unscrupulousness I knew too well; there was nothing too mean for them to stoop to. But how much of what they had said would Vere believe? Might I not hope and trust that his faith would be as strong as mine in him?

"Ah, Vere—Vere, my darling, my love—as if anything in the world could make me distrust you!"

I spoke aloud in my earnestness, and a low mocking laugh was my answer. Turning quickly, I saw that my guardian had entered the room unperceived by me.

"I have brought you a letter," he said; "it is from Mr. Mannesty, in answer to one of mine. It was an enclosure; but I have not read it. Here it is. I wish you to read it in my presence."

I took the paper and my hand shook as I unfolded it, for the superscription as well as the contents were in Vere's unmistakable hand. My voice quavered as I read—

"My dear Christabel—I am the most miserable man on earth. What you have heard is perfectly true. I am married, and can never call you mine. Forgive me and forget me if you can. I am not worth another thought. I must never look upon your face again. "VERE MANNESTY."

My guardian watched me closely while I read these lines—watched me with an evil gleam in his deep-set eyes.

"Well?" he asked, as I did not speak.

I tore up the letter and flung the fragments upon the fire, then made him a deep curtsey.

"I congratulate you on your skill in forgery!" I said. "Some day I hope it may meet the reward meted out by the law."

He turned and left me without a word. I felt that war had now been declared between us.

* * * * * * *

All Sunday I was kept a close prisoner. Rain fell heavily, and I was not permitted to go out of the house; and I declined to leave my own rooms to join my gaolers. Solitude with the hateful espionage of Carter was preferable to their company.

In the evening I had a visit from Mrs. Basset.

Her pale face was set in very rigid lines, and her lips looked pinched and blue. Instinctively I drew away from her, and I think my face must have expressed my aversion; but she spoke with studied quietness, and with an attempt at gentleness that was grotesquely at variance with her grim aspect.

"My dear Christabel," she said, "I think the time has arrived for us to come to some understanding."

"I thought we had done that already, Mrs. Basset."

"Not at all. You know very little indeed of the details of this unhappy business. Are you aware that your good name is in danger of being blackened for ever?"

I merely smiled contemptuously.

"The rumors regarding Mr. Mannesty's wife, which led my son to make enquiries are being widely and rapidly spread," she went on. "The secret was at no time well kept, and others know it, even if his own family did not. Well, at any rate the murder is out now. Every one is talking of the scandal, and Mr. Mannesty does not hesitate to make a boast of your complicity in the matter. He says that you were aware all the while of the existence of his wife ——"

This was a little too much. Mrs. Basset might be very malicious, but she was not very clever; she had gone too far.

"That insult and that lie, like all the rest of this foul plot, have been concocted by you and your son!" I retorted. "I will hear no more!"

"Excuse me, you will hear as much as I choose to tell you! You are young and headstrong, Christabel, but you are very timid, and you are entirely in our power. You had better take care how you speak and act!"

It was her look rather than her words that daunted me. I sat still, my passion slowly dying away in a growing sense of fear.

"My son is your guardian," she continued, "and it is his duty to do all that lies in his power to counteract the evil that has been wrought. There is only one way by which the mouth of scandal can be stopped and that is——"

She paused a moment and looked hard at me; but I said nothing, so she concluded her sentence briefly.

"And that is by your speedy marriage."

I felt my face flushing crimson.

"I am quite ready to fulfil my pledge, and marry Vere Mannesty on Tuesday, as arranged," I replied.

"Indeed! Well, you are shameless enough, Miss Devereux! No, you will not marry Vere Mannesty on Tuesday, or on any other day; but within three weeks' time you will be married to my son!"

The secret was out now, the whole terrible truth! I sat like one stunned.

"My son loves you, Christabel," pursued Mrs. Basset, with a pleasing note in her harsh voice, which at another time might possibly have touched me. "He loves you as his own life!"

Still I sat as if turned to stone.

"Your son," I whispered hoarsely—"your son!" Then, starting suddenly to my feet, I cried out wildly—"Oh, this is too horrible, too terrible! Your son!"

"And why not my son?" questioned Mrs. Basset sternly. "You cannot wed a married man, who has betrayed you and thrown you aside like a worn-out glove. My son is at least a true man, and he loves you. He means to marry you, Christabel. What can you have to urge against him? Why should he not?"

"Because I hate him!" I cried, stung to sudden frenzy. "I have feared and hated him increasingly with every month and year of my life. I would sooner be in my grave than be the wife of such a man!"

"Not an impossible alternative," she said, with slow emphasis. "I am sure he would rather lay you there than see you married to another."

"Hush!" said a harsh voice.

Turning, with a start, I saw in the gloom the tall figure of Marcus Basset standing beside us. He had entered unperceived, and had evidently heard the concluding words that had passed between us.

He turned to his mother and motioned her somewhat sternly away.

"Leave us for a time," he said. "I think I can deal best with Christabel alone."

She went slowly from the room, and my guardian and I were left alone together.

He came and stood before me, and spoke in quick imperious accents, yet not without feeling.

"Christabel," he said, "have pity upon yourself, and do not force me to extreme measures. Win you I will, wed you I will even by force if necessary; but I would rather use gentle means if you will let me. You are in my power. No help can come to you. Listen, child—you know you cannot bear fear and suspense, and hardship and misery. Your will must give way, perhaps your reason too; but my will never yields, and I can be cruel, even where I love, to win what I am bent upon. All is fair in love and war, and it is both love and war between you and me. You will have to submit at last. Why not do so at first, and spare yourself and me all all this needless pain? You have no escape save by the way I have pointed out. I offer you safety, honor, love——"

He paused for a moment, and then broke out more wildly still—

"Yes—love; I offer you love such as no other man has felt or ever can feel for you. Your smiling lover, with his dainty ways, has a false treacherous heart; but my love has no boundaries, no reservations. Christabel, why that mocking smile? You shall not scorn it—I swear you shall not! You shall fear it, if you honor it in no other way; for, sooner than let him call you wife, I will kill him—do you hear?—kill him! And, sooner than let you call any man save myself husband, I will kill you! You are mine; and no one shall ever take you from me!"

I had been silent all this time; but at last I found my voice.

"You call me a coward," I said slowly and distinctly, "and perhaps I am; but there are limits to my cowardice, of which you may as well be made aware. You may murder me, if you will; but marry me—never!"

His eyes shone with a wolfish gleam.

"You choose death, do you?" he said slowly and calmly. "I will however give you time to re-consider the question; but at least you shall be my wife before you die!"

Then he turned and left me, and I sank down upon the floor in a tumult of misery and despair. Desperation had given me a fictitious courage for a time, but it deserted me now.

Carter came in shortly with a tray. She surveyed me with contemptuous vindictiveness.

"You are a poor creature after all," she said at last, "although you give yourself such airs at times. If you had not made an enemy of me I might have been bribed to help you now—for I love money, and you are rich. But revenge is sweeter even than gold, and I will help to bring you down, to crush your stubborn pride. To think that a white-faced chit like you dare to set up your will against Mr. and Mrs. Basset!"

Carter's manner had for some time lost its old suavity and respect, but she had never before been openly insolent to me. Her conduct was an evidence of the change in my position.

I was no longer even professedly a guest, but a prisoner. This conviction was verified by the woman's next words.

"The master's orders are that you are not to leave your rooms without permission. The doors in the corridor will be kept locked."

I made no response; I had never been anything but a prisoner since I had been here; it mattered little that the mask was dropped.

As usual, I went to bed very early, to try to forget my troubles in sleep and to fortify myself for the trials of the day.

Monday brought with it my first gleam of hope and brightness.

I was wandering aimlessly about my room, when, as I accidentally glanced out of the window, I suddenly stopped in my purposeless round, and almost shrieked with amazement.

He was there—Vere, my own Vere—inside the high-walled garden, gazing up at the house in eager scrutiny! He saw me! I tried to raise the heavy window-sash, but it was screwed down and resisted all my efforts. Then I took up a heavy book and shattered a pane of glass into fragments.

"Vere," I cried, in trembling accents—"Vere, I know it is all a base falsehood! They are keeping me a prisoner here; but they will never, never make me distrust you!"

"They shall not keep you long," he answered, his face lighting up with proud tenderness. "Do you know that they have been forging letters from you?"

"And from you too," I cried.

His eyes flashed, and his hands were clenched fiercely.

"Courage, my darling," he said; "I know enough now to give me heart and confidence! Rescue may be difficult, possibly dangerous; caution may have to be observed, but have patience. Rescue you I will!"

All this had passed in a few moments. I was terrified lest we should be overheard, and some harm befall Vere, and my fears were confirmed by the anxious looks of the half-witted gardner, who suddenly appeared, and by his gestures implored Vere to go away.

I fancied that he and this poor idiot had had some previous acquaintance; otherwise how could Vere be here, and why did the man seem to fear for his safety? Vere laid his hand upon the gardener's arm and said in cautious accents that I could only just catch—

"Joel Blake—a friend. Trust his goodwill, but not his capacity."

Then he let the white-headed man push him out by the narrow green door; but his look was fixed upon me, and that look was so full of love and resolve that it filled me with courage and hope.

I had seen him; all was right between us; our enemies had failed to sow distrust between my love and me!

That same afternoon my guardian and his mother entered the room, bringing a workman with them.

"You had better take a turn in the garden with me," said Mrs. Basset, "while your window is being mended."

I complied, and in silence we took our dull promenade. We did not go into the kitchen-garden, but paced the sodden shrubbery walks for a time that seemed to me interminable.

Some faint hopes of catching a glimpse of Vere restrained me from expressing a wish to return, and the early dusk had come before we entered the house.

The shutters in my rooms had been closed and the curtains drawn by the time I had got back; it was not until the next morning that I found out what had happened during my absence.

All the glass in my windows had been removed, and thick dull ground-glass substituted, through which I could see nothing, and which nothing but a hammer would break. A sickening sense of despair crept over me as I realised that Vere's stolen visit had been discovered. Had the half-witted man betrayed us after all?

When I went into the little garden for the small amount of exercise I was permitted to take alone, the man kept his eyes fixed upon me with a dog-like trustful gaze, and seemed sorry for me, in a timid respectful way. He shook his head once when I spoke to him, and muttered under his breath—

"Joel very sorry—very sorry—Joel help all he can. Joel not like young master and missy to be sad."

I did not believe then that he had betrayed us; but how could one place any reliance on the good-will of a poor creature like that?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BONNETS FOR MEN.—The bonnet, once upon a time, was an article of male as well as female head-dress. Fine old English gentlemen down to the early part of the sixteenth century, wore bonnets of cloth, silk or velvet, more or less ornamented, according to the rank or taste of the wearer. These coverings, however, were superseded by the hat in all the lengths and breadth of the kingdom save in Scotland, where it retains its ancient name.

The good old "braid bonnet" was broad, round and flat. It overshadowed the face and neck; it could be slouched in front, behind or sideways; as a protection against the "cold blast" or any "air" the wind might choose to blow. It was made of thick milled woolen stuffs without seam or lining. It could be folded up, sat upon, or put into the pocket; it was waterproof, and kept warm when it was wet; when dry it was as good as ever; and it was so exceedingly durable that a good dark blue bonnet with a red tuft like a cherry on the top, and worth some two shillings sterling, would, with reasonable care, last a man a lifetime. Rural proprietors of a small sort, such as owners of cottages and an acre or two of land, wore it as a badge of distinction and were called "bonnet-lairds."

FRUITS, ETC.—Filberts came from Greece. Quinces came from Corinth. The peach came from Persia. Damsons came from Damascus. The nasurtium came from Peru. Sage is a native of the south of Europe. Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal. The bean is said to be a native of Egypt. The tomato is a native of South America. Parsley is said to have come from Egypt. Coriander seed came originally from the East. Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies. The clove is a native of the Malacca Islands. Pears were brought to the East by the Romans. The nutmeg came from the Malacca Islands. The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable. Garlic came from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean

Bric-a-Brac.

"MOTHERING."—During Lent, in parts of England, a great quantity of bread called "ayver" or "haver" is made. It is of oats, leavened, and kneaded into large, thin, round cakes, which are placed upon a griddle over the fire. Formerly at this season, too, a practice prevailed for children to make a present of a cake or a trinket to their mothers; those who did this were said to go a "mothering." The eating of simnel cakes, connecting with this custom, is said to commemorate the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren, and the subsequent feeding of the five thousand.

HORSES AND COLOR.—In all likelihood the saying about red-headed girls and white horses took its origin in the old English game, called sometimes the "game of the road," but more often "ups and downs," which is still a favorite among the children and traveling salesmen in Great Britain. One party takes the "up" side of the street or road, the other the "down," counting one for every ordinary object and five for a white horse (a piebald counting as white) until a certain number agreed upon carries off the victory; but a red-headed woman or a donkey wins the game at once.

QUEER ANATOMY.—A western paper has the following report of anatomical curiosities gathered from its exchanges: "Murderers have discovered some astonishingly vulnerable parts of the anatomy of late. From a paper this morning we learn that a Georgia Colonel was "shot in the ticket office;" the other day a man was fatally shot "through his door," and not long ago another received a fatal wound "in his window." Others are: "He was shot in the suburbs." "He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance." "She whipped him upon his return." "He kissed her back." "Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation." "She seated herself upon his entering." "We thought she sat down on her being asked." "She fainted upon his departure."

NOTABLE EVENTS.—First jury 970; pins made 1450; needles used 1545; first cast-iron 1544; matches made 1829; surnames used 1163; first newspaper 1494; coal used as fuel 1894; lead pencils used 1594; window-glass used 694; first gold coin B. C. 206; tobacco introduced 1583; first steam railroad 1830; first postage stamps 1840; kerosene introduced 1826; first illuminating gas 1792; electric light invented 1874; iron found in America 1815; first insurance, marine, 533; first-wheeled carriages 1559; first American express 1821; musical notes introduced 1338; Latin ceased to be spoken 550; Bible translated into Saxon 637; gunpowder used by Chinese 80; bible translated into Gothic 372; photographs first produced 1842; Old Testament finished B. C. 430; Emancipation Proclamation 1863; paper made by Chinese B. C. 220; bible translated into English 1534.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.—A day or two ago several employes of an electric lighting company began digging a hole opposite a fine residence on Summer street, Boston, and after finishing, they started to put up a large pole. The owner of the residence, in the meantime, had secured a man and told him to go up in the woods and dig the first tree that he could find, and hurry back and plant it in the hole for the electric pole. Before the men commenced to raise the latter the owner of the residence invited them to come into his cellar and take a drink, which they all did. There the owner detained them long enough to allow the man sent for the tree to come back and plant the tree. The electric men did not dare to remove the tree, so they put their pole in the wagon and drove off, as there was no place in front of the house where another hole could be dug.

CELEBRATED TREES.—The big trees of California. "Old Liberty Elm, at Boston. The "Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, N. Y. The immense ash trees planted by General Washington at Mount Vernon, and now the admiration of visitors. The weeping willow over the grave of Cotton Mather, in Cop's Burying Ground, near Bunker Hill, taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. The Cary Tree, planted by the roadside in 1832 by Alice and Phoebe Cary, is a sycamore, standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio. The Washington Elm still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. An iron fence is built around it, and on a stone in front is the following inscription: "Under this tree George Washington took command of the American Army, July 3 1775."

LOVE AT REST.

BY A. D.

When love was young it asked for wings,
That it might still be roaming;
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed metre,
And when it won the sweetest sweet,
It flew off to a sweeter.
When love was young.

When love was old it craved for rest,
For home, and hearth, and haven;
For quiet talk round sheltered walks,
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what love sought, at last it found,
A roof, a porch, a garden,
And from a fond unquestioned heart
Peace, sympathy and pardon,
When love was old.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY LILIAN had never been more charming than she was this evening, and certainly Heron Coverdale would have been amazed if anyone had told him that in the breast of the beautiful woman, who talked so wittily and laughed so lightly, there lurked a fearful anxiety and all the carking worry of suspense.

As for himself he usually played the listener's part when they were together, and seemed content as ordinarily to limit himself to all those minute attentions which a well-bred man is permitted to pay to his betrothed.

Rather earlier than usual he looked at his watch, and said that he must go.

"So soon? Why, Heron, you seem to have been with me only five minutes," she murmured, putting her hand to the solitaire stud in his shirt front, and leaning her head against his shoulder; but she carefully refrained from pressing him to stay.

It would be all the better that the coast should be quite clear for her fellow-conspirator, and that Lord Heron should be safe home at the Revels.

For all she knew the man might be lurking about the Priory grounds at that moment.

"I am sorry to go so early, Lilian," he said; "but I am anxious about poor Mrs. Hartley. She has been an old servant of—of the place for some time, you—you know."

He did not add, "and a devoted adherent of Iris Knighton's."

"How kind and considerate to your people you always are, Heron," she said admiringly. "I don't wonder at their fondness for you."

"Are they so fond?" he said, with a grave and somewhat said smile. "Heaven only knows why they should be! I see very little of them, and shall see less in the future, I suppose! You are still willing to spend a long time abroad, Lilian?" he added.

"Oh, yes," she responded, standing before him, for he had risen, with her hands clasped loosely in front of her, her lovely face wearing the smile of an innocent, careless child. "Anywhere you like, Heron, so that you are there," she murmured.

He felt that his heart ought to thrill before such grace and beauty, and such exquisitely expressed love, but it did not, and, as the French philosopher remarked, "a man's heart is its own master."

"You have got a lovely night," she said, as they heard the groom bringing round the horse. "I quite envy you your ride, but as I can't join you I shall go straight to bed."

He put his arm round her,—he had dismissed the groom,—and drew very near to her, but more as a brother would have done.

"Good-night, Lilian!" he said.

She lifted her arms and folded them round his neck slowly and with a fascinating softness.

"Good-night, Heron! How I hate parting from you, even for a few hours."

His face grew graver and sadder.

"I am not worthy of your love," he said, almost painfully. "No man is worthy such love, and I least of all men. Lilian,"—he stopped and looked down at her almost sternly,—"I trust in Heaven that I may make you happy."

"I trust in you," she said. "Is that a very wicked thing to say, Heron?"

His hand tightened on the bridle he held.

"Lilian," he said, leaving her question unanswered, "suppose——"

"Go on!" she said. "What mighty problem are you going to keep me awake over?"

"It will sound nonsense to you," he said, still gravely, though he smiled faintly; "but suppose, Lilian, I should discover some day that I am not the wealthy man I am supposed to be—and am now. Would that—oh! it is an insult to ask you!" he broke off.

She was almost guilty of a start. Did he know of this will; had he helped to hide it, or did he only suspect its existence? She looked up into his dark eyes and found her answer.

Honor, the palpable nobility of a high-minded soul, dwelt in his gaze.

She caught her breath a little—he thought it was with a very different emotion!—as she murmured:

"Heron, if you came to me to-morrow and told me that you were a beggar,—but, no! you could never beg, sir, you are too proud!—that you were as poor as—as papa and I," and she laughed, "I should say, 'Make yourself poorer by taking me, dear!'"

He was answered.

With something that was like remorse for his coldness of heart, he bent and kissed her twice, more warmly than he had ever yet done.

"Good-night, dear!" he said. "I will come over to-morrow early."

"Ah, yes!" she breathed. "I hope you will find dear old Mrs. Hartley better. Please give her my love, and tell her I will come over and see her, Heron."

"Thank you, Lilian," he said, as gratefully as if she had promised a favor to himself. "She will be pleased at that, poor old lady."

Then he got slowly on his horse and rode off.

When he reached the lodge and the man opened the gates, and was about to touch the electric bell which communicated with the house, and thus gave the servants notice of his approach, Lord Heron stopped him.

"Don't ring, please," he said. "I shall ride round to the stables. Have you heard how Mrs. Hartley is?"

"Rather better, my lord," said the gatekeeper.

"I am glad to hear that," said Lord Heron, and wishing the man good-night he rode on slowly.

When he got to the stable-yard he found no groom there—they had not expected his return so soon—and leading the horse into the stall, he haltered it up and passed out.

It was a lovely night, the moon shining placidly through the rifts in the summer clouds; and now that he knew Mrs. Hartley was better there was nothing to take him indoors, so he lit a cigar, and turning through the great stone gateway that headed the stable-court, he went into the garden.

Though he had just left Lady Lilian, and though he endeavored to think of her and her only, Iris was haunting him to-night.

He pictured her walking by his side in the sweet-scented alleys between the limes; he pictured her on the terrace; in the drawing-room.

And it was not she but another who would thus walk by his side for the rest of his life!

With a sigh he turned towards the walled garden, scarcely knowing or caring which direction he took, and laid his hand upon the door which led into it, when he saw, or fancied he saw, a tall figure coming along towards him under the shadow of the wall.

At first he thought he must be mistaken, but the moon shone out clearly at the moment, and he saw quite plainly that it was really a man.

Lord Heron was standing in the deep shadow cast by the wall and a fig tree that grew against it, and with something too faint to be called curiosity, he drew still further back and waited.

The man came along very much like a cat, keeping as close to it as possible, and stooping a little.

His head was lowered, and Lord Heron could not see his face for awhile; but presently he raised it, and Lord Heron saw that it was Ricardo.

He was so astonished for the moment as to be incapable of movement, and Ricardo reaching the door, was so close to him that he might have touched him.

When he had recovered from his momentary surprise, Heron was going to seize him by the collar, but suddenly it occurred to him that he might be able to ascertain the signor's motive in paying an evening visit to the Revels, and Heron pressed as close as he could to the tree and watched the intruder.

The signor opened the door slowly and cautiously, and looked round the garden; then he turned and scrutinized the scene behind him, and thinking everything all clear he stole in, and Lord Heron heard the door close after him.

Lord Heron thought over the situation. It was curious.

The signor could have but one object in paying a visit to the Revels in this mysterious fashion; robbery of some kind or other.

It was probably the plate in the butler's pantry the signor had set his mind upon and Lord Heron smiled grimly as he thought of the disappointment which awaited the scoundrel.

He had a key to the door in his pocket, and he was about to look it and go round, and entering the garden from the house, catch the fellow in the trap; but it occurred to him that the signor could by a well-directed kick force the door, and might so escape.

Besides, the noise might disturb Mrs. Hartley, whose room was not far off; and Lord Heron would rather have helped to pack the plate for the signor than that the old lady should be disturbed.

He pondered a moment or two, then thinking that he should like to see how far the signor had proceeded, he got hold of a bough of the fig tree, and climbing by its aid and the ivy, he got to the top of the wall and looked over.

He was much surprised to see the signor was still in the garden. He was crouching in the shadow of one of the buttresses of the old wall, and watching the tiresome moon, which at this moment was turning night into day.

Lord Heron looked down at him with a grim smile. The incident did not annoy him, indeed, he rather enjoyed it.

After a little while a cloud came up, and semi-darkness followed the light. He lost sight of the signor, and was convinced that he would seize the opportunity of entering the house.

But to his surprise he found, when the moon cleared, that the man was still in the garden, and his amazement was increased as he saw the signor kneeling at the foot of the dial.

Lord Heron could not form the slightest idea of the man's purpose, and was getting quite interested.

The signor, looking round now and then, with the cunning glance of a red Indian, raised the stones one by one with evident care, and Lord Heron saw him take up what looked like a folded parchment, from the cavity he had made.

Then he put the stones back in their places, covered the crevices with bits of moss and lichen, and having hid the parchment in his breast pocket, got up, dusted the knees of his trousers, and proceeded to steal along the wall towards the door.

Lord Heron, filled with amazement, descended from his perch, and standing in his old ambush, waited for the signor, intending to pounce upon him as he came through the door.

But when the man appeared, like a black slug in the moonlight, Lord Heron held his hand.

What was the document whose hidden existence the signor had brought to light that night, and what was he going to do with it?

The answer to the first question came in a flash! It was Godfrey Knighton's will for which so elaborate a search had been made!

The conviction sent the blood to his face, and he clenched his hands with rage at the stupidity which had prevented them from suspecting the scoundrel of having stolen it!

But the second question? Why should he come for the will now, and what was he going to do with it?

If he seized the man here and now, he would recover the will, but he would not learn the details or the conclusion of the signor's scheme, which had deprived Iris of her fortune, and placed it in his—Lord Heron's—hands.

He determined to follow Ricardo. Pulling up the collar of his coat to hide his white shirt front, he stole along the wall after the sneaking black figure.

The signor left the garden at the nearest point, and climbing the park fence, made for the narrow path leading to the village.

Lord Heron ran quickly along the fence, and bent double, keeping him within sight and hearing until the path led to the gate into the road; then he climbed the fence also, and had the satisfaction of seeing the signor still in sight.

He made for the village, but as if, even here, he did not feel safe, he still clung to the shadow of the trees and walls, and Lord Heron followed his example.

When Ricardo came opposite the inn he stopped, and looked at it with a thirsty gaze, but he evidently hesitated, and, after looking at his watch, moved on again.

"The railway station," thought Lord Heron. "I shall have to go to town in dress clothes; confound him!"

But to his surprise Ricardo turned off at the station road, and went towards the left.

"Going to walk to the next station," thought Lord Heron. "Yes, he's too clever to leave more traces than he is obliged."

It seemed evident to him that the scoundrel was going to take the will to Iris, and endeavor to levy blackmail upon her, and his heart beat with a sudden joy at the thought that he himself would be there to protect her, and thwart the wily Italian.

But the signor left the London road and, instead, took the narrow path which led to the outskirts of the village, and all conjectures Lord Heron had made fell to pieces as Ricardo stole quickly into the little plantation, and, as if he had reached his destination, dropped at the foot of a tree, and, after consulting his watch, lit a cigarette, and with half-closed eyes, and a smile as of anticipatory bliss, leant back and gave himself up to pleasant reflection.

Lord Heron lay down also, but kept himself well behind Ricardo, and in such a position that the man could make no movement without Heron's seeing him.

That he was waiting for someone or something was palpable, and Lord Heron's heart jumped as he heard the rustle of a woman's dress against the bracken and undergrowth.

There was a woman in the business then, as usual; but whom could she be?

It was not very light among the trees, and when a tall, graceful figure emerged into the little cleared space, and the signor jumped up to greet it, Lord Heron did not recognise it as Lady Lilian.

"As punctual as charming, your ladyship," said the signor, with his beautiful mixture of insolence and subservience. "And I, too, you see, am as punctual."

Lord Heron crept a little nearer, and listened with a dull sense of coming evil.

"Quick!" said the woman; "I have no time to lose! Have—have you brought it?"

Lord Heron's heart stood still. The voice was the voice of Lady Lilian!

It seemed so impossible, so incredible, that, in his anxiety to ascertain he drew nearer, and so incautiously that he startled her.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

The signor looked quickly round, and Lord Heron had only time to crouch out of sight.

"Nothing, my lady; we are alone, believe me. But as you say, time is precious. Yes, I have brought the will, and you ——"

"I have kept my word," she said. "The paper is signed. Give me the will, please."

The signor drew it from his coat pocket, and held it in his hand as he regarded her with an evil smile.

"The little note!" he said insinuatingly.

Lady Lilian flushed, and she held out the note, but kept a very tight grasp of it.

"Oh, fear nothing, my lady!" he said, drawing himself up with an air. "You have to do with a man of honor, a man of ancient race——"

Lady Lilian interrupted him with a very haughty gesture.

"I have no time to listen to your speeches sir," she said impatiently. "Let me have this thing and go, please."

The signor handed the will to her with a low bow.

She tore the cover off and opened the will.

"You would like to know its contents?" he said, with a smile. "It is a pardonable, a commendable curiosity. The light is very bad. Would it be safe, do—do you think?"

He took a taper from his pocket, and struck a match.

"Shall I light it?"

She intimated an assent with her hand, and he lit the taper.

"Permit me to explain," he said. "Legal terms are confusing to ladies. Observe," and he pointed to the principal clause with his long, lean finger, "all, everything, land, houses, money, are left to Miss Iris Knighton——"

Lady Lilian shut her lips tightly.

"The lady my lord would have liked to marry," he said, with an evil smile, "the daughter of my old friend! Poor girl!" and he laughed.

It needed all Heron's self-restraint to keep him from springing out upon the villian at that moment.

Lady Lilian's gloved hands closed on the will tightly.

"And—and Lord Coverdale does not know of the existence of all this?" she said, her low voice sounding harsh and strained.

"Certes, no!" responded the signor. "His lordship is one of those generous and high-minded individuals who are always so ready to relinquish anything they think belongs to another. Your ladyship is—thank Heaven!—of another sort!" he added mockingly.

Lady Lilian stood reading the will. As he had said, the legal phraseology bewildered her, but she saw that his statement respecting its purport was true.

This Iris Knighton whom she hated would take all and leave her the bare title of Countess of Coverdale.

The signor stood holding the taper, regarding her with his mocking smile.

"Perhaps your ladyship would permit me to offer you a word of advice," he whispered.

Lady Lilian looked up.

"That," he said, pointing to the will, "is an awkward little document. If it were to get lost—and found—" he stopped and held the taper towards it very significantly.

"It would be better, yes," she said between her teeth, but her face blanched and she shrank a little.

"A thousand times safer, safe kind safe find, safe burn safe lose! But first—may I beg your ladyship to give me the little note?" and he grinned and showed his teeth.

Lady Lilian took the promissory note from the bosom of her dress and held it to him at arm's length.

He took it and gallantly pressed it to his lips.

"Now, my lady," he said holding the taper.

Lady Lilian took it in her hand and raised the will above it, and the signor examined her signature to the note.

As they stood thus, their heads close together and the flame of the taper nearly touched the will, a hand, which seemed stretched down from the skies, seized the note and the will, and starting back they looked up and saw Lord Heron.

Lady Lilian uttered a low cry, and shrank back against the trunk of a tree, where she leant as if paized.

Ricardo, who had been as paralyzed as she for a moment, screamed out an oath, and seemed about to throw himself upon the hand that held the note, but Lord Heron closed his fist over it and struck him between the eyes.

He staggered, and would have fallen but for the limb of a tree, and there he crouched, his eyes glaring at Lord Coverdale.

For a moment there was silence. The moon sailed out from behind a cloud and poured a stream of light upon the trio—upon Lady Lilian's white face and pallid lips, upon the evil countenance of the Italian, and upon the stern one of Heron Coverdale.

He broke the silence. At arm's length—as she had offered it to Ricardo—he extended the note to her.

"Permit me to restore you your property, Lady Lilian," he said. That was all, but

the tone in which the few words were spoken conveyed a volume.

Its scorn, sorrow, and fierce indignation seemed to blast her.

With a sudden effort she drew herself from the supporting branch, and, taking the note, tore it into fragments.

"You—you spy!" she hissed.

He looked at her with a very cool, stern regard.

"I will conduct you to your gate," he said.

She put up her hand.

"No! I never wish to see you again. Fool! another moment and you would have been safe. All is lost now!"

"Not all," he said, grimly. "I have been in time to save you from crime, and to preserve my honor!"

"Your honor!" she sneered.

Then she laughed a very bitter, mocking laugh.

"It is well, perhaps," she said, "for if this is true, my Lord Coverdale will have little else to live upon,—unless—" and her lips worked, "he marries this nameless girl."

"Oh, hush!" he said, his brow darkening. "You are not worthy to speak of her ——"

She was going, but she stopped, and with hands clenched at her side, confronted him.

"I am not worthy!—I am not worthy!" she hissed. "At least, there is no shame on my birth, my lord! You thought me worthy to be your wife——"

She stopped, and her eyes grew fixed on something behind him.

As if warned by the expression in them, Heron Coverdale turned, and Ricardo's knife, instead of entering his back, struck against the front of his shoulder.

With a suppressed howl of disappointment, Ricardo stepped back and raised the knife again.

Heron flung himself upon him, and in an instant the two were locked in a death struggle.

Lady Lilian's face burnt redly in the bright moonlight, and her eyes fairly gleamed.

"Stab him!—kill him!" she hissed, beside herself with rage and jealousy. "I will give you all I promised!—more—more! Kill him!"

Like a snake the signor writhed and struggled to free his hand; but Heron held it at the wrist in a grip of steel, and giving it a turn, the knife fell with a dull thud on the mossy sward.

The next instant Ricardo was lying beside it, and Heron Coverdale's foot was on his chest.

Lady Lilian uttered a cry—it was more like a sob—of baulked vengeance, and then, drawing her cloak round her, glided from the spot, and passed from Lord Coverdale's path for ever!

Lord Heron took his foot off the beast, and seating himself on the trunk of a tree, lit a cigar.

Joy—almost a delirious joy!—thrilled through him. In his pocket was the will which would restore the Revels to Iris.

He was free from the woman whose true colors had revealed themselves in the hideous light of the last few moments!

His emotion was so great that his hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold the cigar; his brain whirled; the prostrate figure of Iris's enemy danced before his eyes.

Had he killed him? He hoped not, for there was something yet to be done.

He was thinking of examining him, when the signor opened his eyes, and seeing the stalwart figure seated above him, immediately closed them again.

Lord Heron touched him lightly with his foot.

"Get up," he said.

The signor hesitated a moment, then rose to a half sitting posture.

"Get up," repeated Lord Heron, and he rose and stood on his feet.

"My lord—" he began, fawningly, but Lord Heron cut him short.

"Silence!" he said sternly, "utter a word excepting an answer to a question, and I will flay you within an inch of your life."

The signor stretched out his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"Pick up that taper," Lord Heron sternly said.

The signor obeyed.

"Light it."

With some little difficulty caused by his shaking hands he lit it.

Lord Heron flung him the blank half page of a letter.

"Now write, 'I, Ricardo, stole the will of Godfrey Knighton, Esquire, and hid it in the stone-work under the sun dial in the walled garden, and I have given it into the possession of Lord Coverdale.'"

The signor hesitated, but as Lord Heron made a movement as if to fling his cigar away, he took the stylographic pen Heron had flung to him, and kneeling on one knee used the other for a desk, and wrote as dictated.

"Sign it!" said Lord Heron.

Ricardo did so.

"Now place it within a yard of me. Come no nearer."

Ricardo, allowing a good two yards, placed the paper on the ground.

"Now listen," said Lord Heron. "You will go to London, to the office of Mr. Barrington, and report yourself, giving him your address. You will wait at that address until he gives you permission to leave England. Having done so, you will return to England—at your peril. Go!"

Ricardo opened his lips, but something in the stern face caused him to shut them again, and with a look which, if it had possessed the power to slay, would have left Heron Coverdale dead on the tree trunk, he slunk away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TANTALUS, who, though up to his chin in water, could not succeed in obtaining a drink, Sisyphus, who spent endless cycles of years in rolling up hill a stone that invariably tumbled down again, were in the same plight as poor Clarence Montacute.

He saw Iris, the woman he loved, every day; for if he did not call at Markham Street, he managed to be at the theatre in the evening, and he watched over and guarded her with all possible vigilance, but he was no nearer winning her.

He dared not even make love to her, for at the first sign of it she grew sad and melancholy at once, and by a word gave him to understand that she could permit of only one love, and that was the love for her profession.

For it had come to this at last, that her work was all in all to Iris.

Since the night of the disturbance at the theatre, her popularity had become almost phenomenal, inasmuch as it was popularity accompanied by respect.

He would be a bold man who would venture to speak lightly of Miss Mabel Howard, or breathe her name with disrespect.

Men would have been found to defend her in every class and in every company, and she might have gone to and from the theatre alone, and been sufficiently protected by the great public respect and regard which surrounded her, as divinity is supposed, according to Shakspeare, to hedge a king.

They were pleasant days, would have been happy ones but for the sorrow that was always with her, the shadow under which she walked continually.

And yet she made no moan, and refrained from constantly waving the willow.

People who saw her walking in the park, with Paul on one side and Lord Clarence on the other, thought her the happiest of women, and Heaven knows how keenly and bitterly the less fortunate of her own sex envied her.

Famous beautiful, rich, with an earl for a friend, and all the world to sing her praises!

Yes, Miss Mabel Howard, of the Lyric, was to be envied if any girl wanted that baleful privilege.

And every night as she lay before sleep,—the laggard came grudgingly,—she thought of the past,—of the man she loved and had lost, and her mother's and her own shame!

Meanwhile the summer was getting on.

"Almost time to shut up!" said Mr. Stapleson one day after a Matinee. "Though, mind, I could run the Princess right up to the winter! But I think of my company, I do! I'm not selfish, and I know what a run in the country does for us all. Miss Howard, you would not not be any the worse for a few weeks in the provinces."

"No," said Iris, with a smile.

"London will go into mourning the day you leave," he said, nodding approvingly. "But we can't help that. I think we'll go into the provinces, and when we come back—humph!—perhaps we'll try this new opera of our friend Paul's."

"Oh! Mr. Stapleson," he exclaimed, clinging to Iris's arm, and flushing.

"Oh! yes, it's 'Oh! Mr. Stapleson,' indeed," retorted that gentleman, with good-natured sarcasm. "That's me all over. Here I've got a good thing and yet I put it out of the bills just to please you, young man."

"And me," said Iris, gently.

He laughed.

"Ah! you are one too many for me, Miss Howard! Yes, I expect it's to please you as much as anybody. We will announce the last nights, and in a fortnight we'll be off. It will do 'em good to miss you for a while."

"Fancy the country!" said Paul when they got outside. "Oh! Lord Montacute, just imagine it! Mr. Stapleson is going into the provinces."

"Oh," said Lord Clarence, looking hard at the pavement; then he glanced at Iris shyly. "Yes, I think I want a change. I wonder which way Mr. Stapleson is going. It would be rather good fun to go with you and see how the provinces take to the 'Princess.'"

Iris stopped and laid her hand on his arm, though they were in the Strand.

"You must not do that," she said, in a low voice.

"Why not?" he asked, coloring.

She turned off towards the Embankment in silence, but when they had reached the water's edge, she stood and leant over the terrace, and sighing, said again:

"You must not do that."

"Why not?" he repeated. "Am I not to have a change? What harm do I do you?" and, although there was no bitterness in his voice, there was the ring of an acute pain.

"Great, great harm—not to me, but to yourself," she said, slowly but firmly. "Lord Clarence, this—this must end here! I cannot bear it any longer. Every morning I wake the reproach of your wasted life wakes with me! It cannot, cannot go on! Do you think I do not know what the world says——"

"The world knows that you are above its scandal!" he said hotly.

"I? Yes," she assented. "It is not of its scandal I was thinking! It was of your wasted life! Oh, Clarence!" she went on hurriedly, beseechingly, "let it end here! Go back to the place to which you belong, to which your duty calls you! You have lavished too much on me already, on me who am unworthy——"

"That will do!" he said almost angrily. "You say it must end here! You can end it with a word. Iris, give me the right to 'waste my life,' as you call it, for ever!"

"No!" she said, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I cannot do that. There are reasons ——"

"I know those you would adduce," he said bitterly, "and they are as none to me. There is one that would send me from you—like an arrow from a bow. Tell me, Iris—be honest with me!" and the poor fellow grew pale—"is there someone else——"

"No, no," she said.

As she spoke, at the moment indeed, a hansom which had been driving down the Embankment suddenly pulled up opposite, and a gentleman leapt out and stood in front of them.

It was Heron Coverdale.

Iris uttered a faint cry and turned white, and Clarence, looking round to see the cause, stood like a stone for a moment, then his face grew hot, and as he raised his hat he said in a low voice:

"You should have said, 'Yes, there is another!'" and as if unable to remain strode off.

Iris stood with her hand resting on the stone wall, and Heron regarded her for a moment in silence.

"Thank Heaven!" he said at last. "Iris—Miss Knighton, I have been to the theatre to seek you. They would not give me your address. I missed you somehow. It is by the merest chance I have found you."

"They—they—never give my address," she said, scarcely knowing what she said, all her being throbbing at the sound of his voice, and her heart going out towards his presence.

"I—I have important news for you," he said, trying to speak calmly, even coldly.

"News for me?" she responded, without raising her eyes to his face.

"Yes," he said; "most important and serious."

"Ah, it is more trouble," she quickly murmured.

"No," he said quickly. "Thank Heaven that I can say so! Will you come to Mr. Barrington's with me?"

Iris beckoned to Paul, who came quickly up.

"This is the dearest friend I have in the world," she said.

Paul stared with his large blue eyes, then extended his hand.

Heron Coverdale took it, and held it with a warm pressure.

"Bring him with you," he said. "I hope that I am a friend of Miss Howard's too," he said to Paul. "I have important business with her! Will you spare her to me for a little while?"

The frank, sad voice reassured him.

"Go with him, Mabel! I will go home! You shall tell me all about it when you come back," he said, with instinctive delicacy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEMALE ORDERS.

THAT ladies were among the earliest Knights of the Garter is made evident, not only by the archives of the order, but by the record of sculptured stone.

It is now perfectly certain that this famous order of knighthood was, as the legend of the Countess of Salisbury implies, instituted in honor of the fair sex, and that ladies participated in its rights and honors.

The Queen Consort, the wives and widows of the knights, received permission, by Royal sanction, to wear the habit of the Order of the Garter on the feast days of St. George; and robes were annually given out to them from the Royal wardrobe, of the same material and color as the surcoats of the knights, and embroidered, like them, with numerous small garters encircled with the motto.

Each lady of the order wore on her left arm a garter similar to that of a knight, was considered a member, and was styled Lady of the Society of St. George.

The Austrian Order of the Starry Cross owes its origin to Eleanor Gonzaga, widow of the Emperor Ferdinand II. The origin of the order was a miracle.

The House of Hapsburg has long asserted that it has in its possession a small piece of the true cross, and the Emperors Maximillian and Frederick III. wore that relic about their persons, inclosed in a cross of gold.

After the death of the latter, Leopold II., his successor, presented it to the widowed Empress, daughter of Duke Charles II. of Mantua, to comfort her in her widowhood.

She kept it very carefully locked in a small box, adorned with crystal and enamel, and covered with silk.

It happened that in the night of Feb. 2, 1668, a fire suddenly broke out in the Imperial castle at Vienna, just below the apartments of the Empress Eleanor. The fire soon reached them, and the Empress only escaped with difficulty.

On the following day search was made for the relic, and it was discovered among the ruins, fortunately untouched by the conflagration, with the exception of the metal, which was partly melted.

The Empress was so rejoiced at the incident that she ordered a solemn procession, and resolved to found a female order—not only, as the statutes say, to commemorate the miraculous event, but also to induce the members to devote themselves thoroughly to the worship of the Holy Cross, and pass their lives in the exercise of religion and works of charity. Pope Clement IX. confirmed the new order by a bull, the Emperor Leopold confirmed the statutes, and the order received its name after the constellation in the southern hemisphere.

It is not difficult to believe that a feminine decoration has undergone several changes of fashion since 1668.

It now takes the form of an oval medal, with broad blue enamelled edging encompassing the Austrian eagle, with golden claws, upon which rests a green enamelled golden cross, mounted in brown wood.

Upon it is, in black letters upon a white ground, the motto of the order, "Salus et gloria."

It is worn on the left side, suspended by a bow of black silk ribbon.

The next founded of female orders has a very different origin. It was established in 1714 by the Czar Peter, in honor of Martha Rabe, a Livonian woman, the wife of a Swedish dragoon, who, after a variety of unedifying adventures, induced the Czar to make her Empress of Russia, under the name of Catherine I.

Originally men were received into this order, but at a later period the decoration was strictly confined to ladies.

The order is divided into two classes, the number of the Grand Crosses being limited to the Princesses of the Imperial family and twelve noble ladies of the highest Russian aristocracy.

This order has within a few years been conferred on three English princesses—th Princess Helena, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Princess Beatrice.

The Grand Cross, adorned with diamonds, is worn across the right shoulder towards the left side, by a broad poppy-red ribbon with silver stripes.

This ribbon was formerly blue. On the ribbon is embroidered the equivalent in Russian for "For Love and Fatherland."

The reverse is very curious, showing an eyrie at the top of an old tower, at the foot of which two eagles, with serpents in their beaks, are seen in the act of carrying them up as food for their young.

The costume consists of silver stuff with gold embroidery, and of hat and bow of green velvet.

Russia has another decoration for ladies—the Maria Medal, founded in 1828 in memory of Maria Feodorowna, by her son the Emperor Nicholas.

It is a decoration "reserved solely for ladies of unblemished character, for faithful service," and is generally conferred on the directresses of institutions founded by the Empress Maria.

The Maria Medal has one peculiarity: "the possessors cannot under any circumstances be deprived of it." The ribbon is of the same crimson and black stripe as that of the Order of St. Vladimir.

Bavaria boasts four female orders. To become a member of the Order of St. Elizabeth a lady must be a Roman Catholic, and be able to show her sixteen quarterings—the proof of noble descent running through sixteen generations of her own or her husband's ancestors.

The badge, a white enamelled cross, with a figure of St. Elizabeth, is worn on the left breast by a blue ribbon with red borders. This ornament entails responsibilities.

No one entitled to it can appear in public without it, except by fine of one ducat. Two Bavarian orders are in honor of St. Ann—one at Munich, and the other at Wurzburg; both partake of a conventional character, and both demand orthodoxy and the sixteen quarterings as qualifications. The Order of Theresa was founded for unmarried noblewomen, and includes a pension, which ceases with marriage.

If, however, the noble damsels marry suitably, according to their rank, they are allowed to wear the insignia for the future as honorary ladies. The badge is a cross, worn by a bow of a white watered ribbon, with two sky-blue stripes, fastened to the left breast.

The costume is a dress of bright blue silk. Bavaria's neighbor, Wurtemburg, boasts only one female order. Spain has the order of Maria Louisa, which is epicene. The Queen nominates the lady members, who are bound to visit, once a month, one of the hospitals for females, or some other similar institution, and also to order mass to be read in their presence once a year for the souls of departed members.

HOW TOOTHPICKS ARE MADE.—A Western paper gives some interesting information about the manufacture of toothpicks in a Michigan factory. The wood of the canoe birch is used exclusively. The logs are sawed into pieces 28 inches long, which are thoroughly steamed and then cut into veneer.

The veneer is cut into long ribbons three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten of them at a time, are run thorough the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and the refuse falling into another.

The picks are packed into boxes, 1500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely-looking young squaws, and are then packed into cases and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. About seven and a half million toothpicks are turned out each working day by this one establishment.

MUSING.

BY J. J. B.

When o'er the scaf the twilight of sweet musing,
Comes stealing, and the day of Thought is done,
And Action lies—the fiery circuit run—
Its restless beat in restful languor losing,
There floating pass, the outward sense abusing,
Fair dreams of hopes fulfilled and joy begun,
Refracted glories of some hidden sun,
That lure the spirit onward to its choosing.
Then comes again the sound of happy laughter,
Then comes again the sight of glistening tears,
To mock the dusty labor of the years,
Which strive to bar the Past from the Hereafter,
So lights and shadows, ever mingling, roll
In tender twilight musings o'er the soul.

WITHIN AN ACE.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN she came to herself again it was almost quite dark, and it was still raining. Through the stillness she heard distinctly heavy footsteps behind her.

They came nearer, nearer, then suddenly stopped.

Straining her eyes upward, in the dim, fast-fading light, Joan saw that the newcomer was an old woman, tall, broad-shouldered, and with a rugged though kind-looking face and keen black eyes.

"Oh my, oh my!" exclaimed this personage, bending down to look into Joan's white little face. "What's this, at all, at all? What ails ye, acushla? Is it ill ye are? Or is it the fut? Och, an' ye can't stir I see. Faith, thin, ye'll have to let me carry yez."

And without more ado, she lifted Lady Carisbrooke's slight figure in her arms, and bore her away in the direction of a small tumble-down cottage at the corner of the next field, which Joan remembered to have passed as she came along.

But oh! the agony of that short transit! Every step of her bearer's was like a knife-thrust to poor Joan; for her injured foot was hanging down, and the pain was excruciating.

"Oh, put me down," she gasped with white lips. "Please put me down!"

"Whist! whist! now," was the only reply, as the old Irishwoman's pace became more rapid, and Joan's torture more unbearable. "You lie still, and Nan Connor'll let no hurt come to yez. For sure it's the pretty little craiur ye are, as far as I can see in this divil's light."

At last they reached the cottage, which was much more attractive inside than out.

The floor was cleanly scrubbed; so were the deal chairs and table, and a gay scarlet geranium stood in a large pot on the window-sill.

"There ye are!" said the mistress of this domain, as she laid her burden down on a small truckle bed in the corner. "Kape yer mind aisy, now; I'll doctor yer fut. But ye'll have to stop here to-night, av coorse."

"Oh no," cried Joan, "I must go home—I must go home."

"And where's home?" was the curt inquiry.

"In town—in London."

"Faith, thin, and the last train's gone over an hour an' half since; so ye'll just have to contint yerself," said Nan drily, as she lit the candle and the neatly-laid little fire almost simultaneously. "Now don't be afther cryin' like a baby," she continued, kneeling down beside her guest, "give me the fut Aisy now."

And in an unconcerned but not unkindly way, she took off the little shoe and stocking, bathed the poor swollen ankle—which was not broken, but only badly sprained—and wrapped it up skilfully in long strips of linen.

"I must send a telegram to my dear husband!" exclaimed the patient distractedly, when poor Nan's self-imposed task was over.

Then she remembered that it was too late to send a telegram.

Good gracious! she thought in a panic of fear, what would Denzil think if she remained away all night, with no explanation of such a dubious proceeding—under the circumstances.

"I must write a note," she said feverishly, sitting up and pushing back her hair. "And will you," looking entreatingly at Nan, "will you please take it to the nearest post town—now—at once. Never mind leaving me. See, I will give you a sovereign if you do."

Nan nodded and promptly accepted the coin, while Joan tore a page out of the notebook in her purse and pencilled a few hurried loving and repentant lines to her husband, telling him where she was, how she had got there, and subscribing herself, "Your most loving and faithful wife, Joan."

This done, a difficulty presented itself. She had, of course, no envelope. But a thought struck her.

She had in her pocket a letter which had come yesterday from old Lady Carisbrooke.

She took the envelope, turned it inside out with laborious care, addressed it also in pencil and wrote "Immediate" in the corner. Fortunately she had a stamp.

"Now—take it—do be quick—as quick as you can," she said earnestly.

Nan, who had been testing the value of the coin she had received in various ways, such as biting it in several places, ringing it on the table, etc., now hid it away in some mysterious part of her dress, took the letter, and disappeared into the rain and darkness.

Joan lay back on the hard bed, faint and sick and miserable.

Her foot was intensely painful, and her head was throbbing dully. She was shivering with cold, for her clothes were quite wet, and the fire was decidedly in its infancy.

She was nervous, too, at being left there alone in the dark. What if the old woman did not come back at all? Joan wished she had not given her the sovereign until she had come back.

What if some tramp came? The night grew darker—darker. The rain was rushing down outside. The candle flickered eerily.

* * * * * *

It is quite beyond my pen to adequately describe Carisbrooke's state of mind when he saw the train glide out of the station and realized that it was bearing away from him his wife—yes, his own wife—with George Fitzroy as her companion.

No wonder she had repulsed him this morning, he thought half stupidly. He saw it all now.

So—it was all over! All over—all over! The words seemed to beat into his brain as he stood, stunned, paralyzed, unable to move or speak.

For one moment he felt he was about to choke; he reeled slightly, a crimson mist surged before his eyes.

Then with a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and became conscious that Fothergill had caught his arm and was regarding him with genuine concern largely mingled with compassion.

"Come and have a brandy and soda, old chap," he said. "You look like a corpse. And, by Jove! no wonder," he added sotto voce.

But Carisbrooke shook himself free.

"Leave me alone," he said in a strange, hoarse voice. "For the love of Heaven leave me alone."

"Oh, look here, you know, Carisbrooke—" began the other persuasively.

"Go to the deuce!" was the fierce rejoinder.

And flinging aside his friend's detaining hand, Carisbrooke turned abruptly on his heel and walked with quick uneven steps through the booking hall and so into the street beyond.

Fothergill shrugged his shoulders. He felt really sorry for Carisbrooke; but his sorrow did not prevent his relating the story (as a profound secret, of course) at several of the clubs in the course of the evening, with various little odds and ends of imaginary details as they occurred to his fertile fancy.

By the afternoon of the next day it was all over town that Lady Carisbrooke had eloped with George Fitzroy.

Meanwhile Carisbrooke, with a look like death in his eyes, had made his way to his solitary home.

He shut himself into his den and sat down at the table.

Was he going mad? he wondered. What was this awful degrading thing that had happened to him? His wife—his little Joan—to what horrible, nameless depths had she fallen! His lips whitened and quivered.

A terrible look came into his eyes, a look born of the fierce over-mastering longing that possessed him to have his fingers on the throat of this man who had stolen his wife's heart—her diabolically false heart—and left him dishonored and desolate.

Somehow he had never thought of such an ending as this.

He had been bitterly, furiously jealous of his wife's marked preference for Fitzroy's society.

He had been miserably conscious of her changed feelings towards himself. But this! this disgrace! this dishonor!—this! He laid his head down on his arm, and remained quite still for a long time.

A knock came to the door. It was the butler, to know if Sir Denzil would like dinner served, as it was already past nine.

Carisbrooke dismissed him with an impatient gesture. Dinner! The thought of food sickened him.

There are not many griefs, I know, poignant enough to render an Englishman indifferent to his dinner; but there are a few. This was one.

Hours passed. Night fell and gave place to early dawn; but Sir Denzil sat there still, his head between his hands, his heart torn by fierce, anguished, delirious thoughts.

He cursed his own half-stunned inaction that had prevented his following them while there was yet time—following them to shoot the fellow like the hound he was, before the eyes of the woman who loved him, it seemed, more than "name and fame" and honor.

And now—what remained? Should he descend to the filthy depths of the Divorce Court?

Drag his name—his mother's name—through all the sickening degrading details such a course would entail—to be gloated over by all grades, all classes? No. His soul shrank from that.

There was another way. And there, in the light of the strengthening summer dawn, he raised his hand to Heaven, and swore a fearful oath, that he, and he only, should be the avenger of his own dishonor.

Oh, but his thoughts were bitter—cruel—devilish! God keep us from such terrible thoughts.

At last he rose and threw open the window to the morning air, for he felt dizzy and half suffocated.

The fresh breeze that rushed in revived him somewhat; but it did not cool his burning brain.

Then he went heavily and wearily upstairs to his dressing-room, his usually quick firm step dragging and listless, like that of a very old man.

Half an hour later he came down again. The morning post had come, and a little pile of letters lay on the breakfast table beside his plate.

One was addressed in pencil. He knew the quaint upright handwriting, hurried and shaky though it was; and at the sight of it his face grew white to the very lips.

He rose and struck a match; then with a hand that shook slightly, he deliberately held the unopened envelope in the flame until it was consumed all but one corner, which he threw with the burnt match into the grate.

His breath came a little quickly as he sat down at the table again, and mechanically opened and flung aside his other letters. He had not eaten anything since noon the previous day, but he felt that the slightest morsel would have choked him just then.

So he swallowed half a cup of coffee, then went across the hall to his smoking-room, where he opened a small drawer in a cabinet, and took from thence——something which he regarded earnestly and critically, and finally put in the breast pocket of his coat.

Then he went back to the dining-room. He felt curiously giddy and deadly sick. A cold clammy perspiration seemed breaking out all over him.

He staggered to the sideboard and pouring out half a tumber of brandy, drank it off hastily.

Then he rang the bell, told one of the men to call a hansom, and directed the driver to Fitzroy's rooms in Jermyn Street.

As luck would have it, another hansom drove up just as Carisbrooke had dismissed his, and from it stepped Fitzroy himself.

He looked harassed and very anxious, but an expression of positive relief came over his face as he recognised that of Sir Denzil.

"Carisbrooke!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand; "I am inexpressibly glad to see you."

At the sight of him the other turned perfectly livid.

"Thank you," he made answer between his set teeth, looking at Fitzroy steadily, and taking no notice of his outstretched hand. "I am fortunate. I hardly hoped to find you——here!"

"You wouldn't have found me here," said Fitzroy, rather surprised at his manner, "if I hadn't been obliged to run up for an hour to attend to some confounded business. I have to be off again by the 12.30 from Paddington."

"So?" returned Carisbrooke with a very strange smile. "Nevertheless, perhaps you will spare me a few minutes. Can I see you—alone?"

"Yes, of course. Come up. This is the first time you've honored me with a visit. I hope it won't be the last. By Jove! Carisbrooke," he added hastily, "you are looking awfully ill."

A curious light came into the other's eyes; but he made no answer, and they reached Fitzroy's rooms in silence. The latter closed the door, and a dark flush rose to his forehead as he said hurriedly, for something indefinable in the other's expression made him uneasy, "I hope—that is to say—er—in fact, Lady Carisbrooke—she was afraid——"

"That I might insist upon her returning to me?" interrupted Carisbrooke with a pale smile. "Oh, no. Oh no. She need have no fear."

"What the deuce do you mean, Carisbrooke?" exclaimed Fitzroy, looking at the speaker in haughty surprise.

Then a sudden possibility flashed across his mind, and he added hastily:

"You don't mean to say—is it possible that your wife has not—that she——"

He stopped suddenly, for there was something awful in the look the other turned upon him.

"Curse you," Carisbrooke articulated in a choked voice. "Curse you!"

Then with a supreme effort he controlled himself, walked to the door and locked it.

Fitzroy regarded him in amazement.

"Look here, Carisbrooke," he said in rather abrupt tones, "I wish you would tell me what's the matter with you. You look most infernally queer."

"Yes, I feel rather queer," was the reply in a perfectly unemotional voice.

With the words he drew from his pocket a pair of small but deadly-looking revolvers, and laid them on the table. As he did so, he fixed his eyes on his companion—and smiled.

Fitzroy, seeing that smile, felt his very blood run cold.

"Good Heavens! Carisbrooke, are you mad?" he said, after a moment's speechless pause.

"Not yet," said the other in a voice almost deadly in its quietness as contrasted with the terrible expression in his eyes. "No, not yet!"

"Then what do you mean? What insane idea have you got into your head? There is some terrible mistake here. If you would only let me explain——"

But Carisbrooke interrupted him.

"Your explanations come too late," he said, speaking hoarsely and deliberately, and with deadly significance. "They should have been made—yesterday!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Fitzroy, turning pale, "is it possible that you imagine——"

"We are losing time," broke in the other, with glittering eyes and laboring breath, though his face and voice were horribly, unnaturally calm. "Your lies will avail you nothing. Darn you!—take your choice of these pistols! Only one of us, I swear, shall leave this room alive. Fate has sent you into my hands sooner than I had hoped. But you should never have escaped me. I should have tracked you at last, and shot you like the cur you are—as I shall do now! Are you ready?"

"For Heaven's sake, Carisbrooke listen to reason," exclaimed Fitzroy roughly. "You are laboring under a fearful mistake. It is——"

"You are not afraid, are you?" Carisbrooke interrupted him coldly and steadily, but with a dangerous gleam in his eyes. "I know you to be a scoundrel—and I know you to be a liar!—are you a coward as well?"

As he spoke the last words he struck Fitzroy smartly across the face with his gloves.

The hot blood rushed to the other's forehead.

"Oh, by Heaven, this is too much!" he exclaimed furiously, springing at Carisbrooke's throat.

But the latter held him back.

"Is the provocation sufficient?" he said in clear, distinct tones, "or will you stand yet more pronounced insult?"

The studied insolence of this speech roused all the evil in Fitzroy's nature. With a fierce oath he seized one of the pistols.

"Yes, they are loaded," said Carisbrooke calmly, as he took up the remaining one. "We will put the table between us. That will make it pretty sure, I fancy."

There was something horrible, almost devilish, in the deadly composure with which he said this.

Fitzroy was a brave fellow, but his heart beat quickly as he thought of the sweet little woman who had promised to be his wife—whose lips he had kissed only that morning.

The two men faced each other—the one pale, stern, with compressed lips and flashing eyes; the other ghastly, panting for breath, but still with that cruel, mocking smile on his lips.

Three seconds later both had fired, almost simultaneously.

Carisbrooke, as a rule, was a dead shot, but to-day his hand shook slightly, and his bullet only grazed his opponent's arm, inflicting a mere flesh-wound.

Fitzroy's aim, however, was a truer one.

With a sharp exclamation Carisbrooke fell forward across the table, shot through the left lung.

But the next moment he had dragged himself upright, and convulsively grasped the back of a large chair with his left hand.

Fitzroy, his resentment fled, threw down his weapon and sprang forward to the other's assistance. But Carisbrooke, white as death, and swaying uncertainly from side to side, waved him fiercely backward.

"Stand back!" he gasped wildly. "Stand back! You shall not escape me—by ——!"

But even as he spoke a torrent of blood choked his utterance; he staggered slightly backwards, raised one hand quickly to his breast, and let the revolver fall to the ground.

Then, turning upon Fitzroy a look of mingled hatred and agony, he fell with a heavy crash—and lay still.

For the last few minutes Fitzroy had been conscious of a loud continuous knocking at the door. He now flung it open, and his man rushed in, followed by Herbert Eyre, of the—Hussars.

"Good Heavens! Fitzroy, what's all this?" the latter exclaimed, as the smoke cleared away somewhat and he caught sight of Carisbrooke's motionless figure, his death-like face, and the dark stain which was slowly crimsoning and widening on the pale gray carpet.

Fitzroy muttered some hasty half unintelligible explanation, and dispatched his servant for a doctor.

Captain Eyre, who had been kneeling by the unconscious man's body, now rose slowly.

"He is dead," he said in a low, shocked voice.

* * * * * *

Carisbrooke, however, was not dead, though for the next few weeks it was touch-and-go with him.

His mother, old Lady Carisbrooke, who came up to town as arranged, on the day after her daughter-in-law's unfortunate journey, found the household at 21, Queen Street in a state of demoralized confusion, the prevailing opinion among the servants seeming to be that my lady had left Sir Denzil, and that Sir Denzil had shot himself and Mr. Fitzroy too.

Fitzroy himself, pale and haggard from loss of blood and anxiety, and with his arm bandaged, arrived in a hansom at this juncture, hoping to find the younger Lady Carisbrooke there, and to take her to her still unconscious husband, who, of course, could not be moved.

He explained in a few words as possible the true facts of the much-garbled story, and bore off the poor distracted old lady to her son's bedside, where she insisted on installing herself as head nurse.

From his wild unconscious ravings she learned something of the storm of bitter jealousy which had possessed him during these weeks before his wife's disappear-

ance, his misery, and the dark thoughts that had come afterwards.

She felt intensely grieved and terribly anxious, besides being exceedingly shocked that her son should harbor such unworthy thoughts of his poor little wife; for between this mother and daughter-in-law there was a deep and lasting affection, and that there was some terrible mistake somewhere the former never doubted for one moment.

And all this time, in spite of the most searching and rigid inquiries, nothing had been heard of Joan; for the very simple reason that Nan Connor was not in the way of hearing of inquiries of any kind, and indeed had been fully employed of late in nursing her visitor through a kind of low fever, from which she was only now beginning to recover (for Nan considered herself an able doctor, and would have scorned to employ any other).

Besides, not the most astute of the detective force would have thought of looking for Lady Carlsbrooke in a little half-concealed cottage inhabited by an eccentric old woman, who "kept herself to herself," and rarely interchanged words with any one.

The only clue would have been Joan's little pencilled note to her husband; and the fate of that we know.

Fitzroy, whose wound was, as he said, the merest scratch, was really a great comfort to old Lady Carlsbrooke at this time, and she conceived a sincere liking for him, which was considerably augmented when she found that his fiancee, Nora Duckworth, was the daughter of a very old friend of her own, whom she had not seen for years.

At last Carlsbrooke was pronounced comparatively out of danger, though he remained so weak, and altogether his condition was so unsatisfactory that his doctors were afraid he would slip through their fingers after all.

As soon as he was well enough to comprehend where he was, he struck dismay to the hearts of his nurses and medical attendants by insisting upon returning to his own home without delay.

In vain they remonstrated with him; assured him that he was not in a fit state to be removed; that it was as much as his life was worth, etc.; he worked himself up into such an alarming state of excitement that they gave him his way, and he did go home—with the not unnatural result that he had a serious relapse, and was confined to his bed for a week.

During that week something happened. Joan came home.

Such a white, changed, fragile-looking Joan.

Old Lady Carlsbrooke wept tears of mingled joy and grief over her, kissed her and made much of her, and listened with shocked and loving sympathy to her pitiful story.

But Sir Denzil did not even know she was in the house.

He was still so alarmingly weak that all excitement had to be avoided for him; and now that his feverish ravings were past, his wife's name never passed his lips.

About this time Fitzroy induced his fiancee to call at the pretty house in Queen Street, where she soon became a frequent and welcome visitor, for she and Joan took to each other amazingly.

She (Nora) had quite buried her former jealousy, and she was heartily sorry for the poor little wife, whose foolish, though innocent, thoughtlessness had so nearly been the cause of such a terrible tragedy.

And yet, at the bottom of her heart Nora sympathized heartily with Carlsbrooke, and almost forgave his murderous designs upon her future husband, for she knew by experience the madness of being "wroth with one we love," and judged his jealousy as a husband by exactly treating her own.

She and Denzil had been exceedingly fond of each other in the old boy and girl days—though never in a sentimental sense—and she, if any one, had known how to manage him in his most impossible moods.

It was one day towards the end of August, and Denzil, who was now well enough to be downstairs for a little in the afternoons and evenings, was lying, wrapped in his dressing gown, on the large sofa in the library.

He was painfully changed. It was not so much the change that always follows severe illness—though that was markedly visible too—but a radical change of expression.

His face wore a look of hopeless mental suffering, together with an indescribably bitter, brooding melancholy that nothing dispelled, and that deepened day by day.

He rarely spoke, and when he did his words were cold, curt, and never more than were absolutely necessary.

Silence had reigned in the room for some time, and Lady Carlsbrooke, with some trepidation, was revolving in her mind the best possible way of announcing Joan's return, when she was roused from her meditations by her son's voice, more softened and tender than it had been since his illness.

"Poor little mother!" he said very faintly; "how pale and worn you are looking. You have had a sad time with me, I fear."

He put out his hand as he spoke and drew her towards him.

"It is only you and I now, mother," he went on unsteadily; and his lips quivered.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she broke out, forgetting in her distress to lead up to the subject that had occupied her thoughts so long, "you are breaking your heart, and mine too! You know it! If Joan were to come back to you, would you not——"

She stopped, almost terrified at the effect of her words; for with a smothered exclamation, Denzil raised himself on his arm, his eyes dark with a look alike pitiful and terrible to see.

"To come back to me!" he repeated hoarsely. "To come back to me! Oh, my goodness—don't you know? Don't you know that all is over between us—that she has left me—that—that she is not fit for your lips to name——?"

"Oh, Denzil, my dear," she interrupted him, weeping, "there is some terrible mistake here. How can you harbor such thoughts of your own wife? Mr. Fitzroy has told me everything——"

But her son gripped her arm fiercely.

"What!" he articulated between his shut teeth. "He has told you, has he? Darn him! Has he told you that—that it was for him she left me? Has he told you that I have sworn to kill him—that I swear it now—that—that——"

He stopped, literally choking with fury, and fell back, half-fainting, on his pillows.

But the next moment, with an almost superhuman effort, he had recovered himself.

"Listen, mother," he said, grasping the terrified old lady's hand almost painfully, and speaking with difficult, panting breath. "Never mention to me again the woman who was once my wife. Do you hear me? I tell you I saw her—it was no matter of hearsay, or of conjecture—I saw her rush after that fellow—get into the car—throw herself into his arms—Oh goodness, can I ever forget it? You do not know," he went on wildly, "you do not know all that went before—all that I have had to bear—what a hell upon earth my life has been of late! She is dead to me, I tell you—worse than dead!"

* * * * * *

"I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" exclaimed Miss Duckworth, when the above little scene had been reported to her by the almost heartbroken old lady.

(She was a capable young person, Miss Duckworth, and her friends of both sexes invariably made her their confidante in all their griefs and joys.)

"I simply never heard of such a thing! For Joan's sake—for George's sake—for Denzil's own sake—the thing must be put straight before he gets well, or there is no saying what may happen. And the state of mind he is in must be doing him far more harm than a little excitement would do. Let me arrange this, dear Lady Carlsbrooke. I understand your son pretty well—at least I used to; and I think by departing slightly—very slightly—from the truth, I can make him listen to reason."

The conspirators therefore laid their heads together and concocted plans, deep and wily and inscrutable.

The next evening, half-an-hour or so after Carlsbrooke had made his usual pretence of eating his dinner, his mother said cheerfully:

"Denzil, do you feel well enough to see a visitor?"

"No," he answered rather ungraciously, "I certainly do not."

"Because," she went on, "I have asked Nora Duckworth—you remember Nora?—to stay with me for a few days. I have been feeling rather dull lately; and she is so bright and lively, I think she will cheer me up. She came this afternoon, and is very anxious to see you."

"Oh, I can't see her," he answered wearily and impatiently; "I don't want to see her."

Just at that moment the door opened, and Nora herself entered. Carlsbrooke looked anything but pleased; the visitor, however, made herself so agreeable, talking neither too much nor too little, skilfully avoiding all dangerous subjects, and above all taking care to make her visit a comparatively short one—that Denzil felt all his old friendly feeling towards her revive, and even admitted to his mother afterwards that little Nora had grown into a very charming sensible woman.

On the next day but one after this, the "charming sensible woman" — having meanwhile succeeded by the exercise of various spells and wiles in establishing the old half-confidential relations between herself and the invalid, except, notably, as regarded Joan—considered that her plan was ripe for execution.

It was just dusk, and Carlsbrooke was, as usual, lying upon the sofa, for he could only sit up for a very short time every day.

He was staring with gloomy haggard eyes at the fast-darkening window, one arm under his head, his whole attitude and expression denoting utter physical and mental exhaustion.

He had not spoken for some time; indeed he had been in a more than ordinarily morose and impracticable mood all day, answering very abruptly and ungraciously all remarks made to him, and sometimes, I regret to add, not answering them at all.

Lady Carlsbrooke had just left the room (by preconcerted arrangement), and had gone to sit awhile with Joan, who, poor child, was very far from well.

Presently Nora heard a heavy sigh from the sofa; the invalid turned restlessly, and knocked down one of his pillows. Nora forestalled his feeble effort to recover it, and lifting his head gently on her arm, replaced and rearranged the pillow in its former position.

"Thank you," he murmured faintly.

"Poor fellow," she said with a compassionate ring in her voice, "how you must miss your wife. She would be the best nurse for you."

He drew his breath quickly; but he did not speak. Nora proceeded with surgical relentlessness, "I know all about her strange disappearance. Your mother and George—Mr. Fitzroy—told me all about it. Yes," as Sir Denzil sprang up from his reclining position and then fell back again from very weakness, "you are entirely in my power for the present, and so I am going to have a little talk with you," and as she spoke she drew a low chair close to the sofa and sat down. "In the first place," she went on, looking at him steadily, "I think I had better tell you that I am going to be George Fitzroy's wife."

"Going to be his wife!" articulated Carlsbrooke. "Good gracious! Going to be his wife! You?"

"I hope so," was the tranquil reply.

"Miss Duckworth," he said in a hoarse whisper, as his sunken eyes met hers, "I cannot let you go blindly to what will be certain misery to you. Better to bear a little pain now—than afterwards, when it will be incurable. Do you know what this man is? Do you know that it is he who—oh, darn him! how can I say it—I"

"Let me say it for you," interposed Nora steadily and a trifle sternly. "You imagine that George Fitzroy, my future husband, is responsible for the disappearance of your wife! Then let me tell you that you are utterly and entirely wrong! No, allow me to speak," she continued, as he interrupted her with a passionate gesture. "If you choose to believe such a thing of your own wife, I refuse to allow such a thing to be said of the man who is to be my husband! I know that he paid her attention during the latter part of the season—which, by the way, was more than you did—and I know, too, that for a time she—perhaps flirted with him. I know this because—because I was told of it—and—and I was not engaged to George then, and I—was jealous. For I—cared for him. But that day you saw them at the station it was all a terrible mistake! She thought it was you! You know you and George are not unlike, and he wore a gray traveling-coat like yours—and she, poor girl, knowing you had parted in anger, could not bear to let you go without a word. She was horrified when she found it was not you, and cried—George said he never saw any one cry so bitterly. For she knew"—this with cutting scorn—"what a jealous madman like you would be likely to think. So she got out at Annesley to wait for the next train up to town, and George came on to Combe, where I met him. If he had been going to run away with Lady Carlsbrooke, he would hardly have written to me—his affianced wife—to meet him at Combe station, I fancy!" she concluded scathingly.

Carlsbrooke's face had grown so ghastly white that for a moment Nora felt sorry for him; then as she thought of the thin wistful little face upstairs, she recognized the necessity of doing the thing thoroughly when she was about it. There was a short pause.

Denzil covered his eyes with his hand for a moment; then he muttered, looking up at her with an almost agonized intensity:

He did not answer immediately; indeed he did not answer her question at all. Then he said with a terrible agitation in his face and voice:

"Then—if this be true—where is she—where is my wife?"

"Ah, that of course is yet to be found out," said the operator sadly.

Through Denzil's heart, swift and keen, rushed the remembrance of that crushed pencil addressed envelope—and its fate; then he said in a voice that shook like a woman's, "May God forgive me!—she did write to me! But I—I burnt it—unopened!"

Presently Nora spoke again.

"Poor Joan," she said in a low voice, as if half to herself, "I fear we can no longer hope that she——"

Sir Denzil put out his hand with an inarticulate exclamation.

"Don't!" he muttered. "Don't—for pity's sake!"

Nora rose and walked to the window; and there was a long silence. For the first time in her life, she felt both frightened and dismayed, and almost ready to cry herself.

She began to tremble for the consequences of her "plan," which had succeeded only too well.

With a troubled anxious glance towards the sofa, she turned and went swiftly out of the room.

Carlsbrooke lay there motionless and utterly exhausted, for what seemed to him a long time. The room was almost quite dark.

He heard the door open and shut; but he did not raise his head.

"Denzil!" it said.

He started violently, and half raised himself on his arm.

"What—who is it?" he gasped.

A pair of warm arms stole round his neck; a pair of soft lips pressed his pale cheek.

"It is I!" the voice said. "It—it is Joan!"

There was an infinitesimal pause—a suppressed cry—and she was clasped tightly in his arms, held close to his wildly-beating, remorseful heart.

"Joan!" he muttered passionately. "Oh my love!"

Joan crept closer into his arms, and cried away all her fears and misery on his heart. And her fair little face was wet not only with her own tears, but with his also.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

PLIABILITY.—Paper and leather may be rendered very pliable by soaking in a solution of one part acetate of sodium or potassium in four to ten parts of water, and drying.

THROUGH THE MAILS.—A new device for sending coins through the mails is a piece of thick pasteboard that just fills an envelope. In the pasteboard is a slot or depression in which the coin is laid. A water pasted over the hole keeps the coin safely in place.

GAS VS. COAL.—A series of tests have recently been made by a well known German chemist, showing that in ordinary domestic stoves in use not more than twenty per cent of the fuel consumed is used for warming the rooms, whereas, with stoves burning gas, eighty per cent and more of the possible effect is obtained.

CHIMNIES.—"Smoky chimnies" are often caused by being located on low portions of the building. If adjoining roofs are as high or higher than the chimney, currents passing over are apt to descend. One or two feet added to the height of such a chimney, by pipe or brick, will in most cases remove the difficulty.

FELLING TREES BY ELECTRICITY.—Machines for felling trees which are worked by steam have the disadvantage of not being capable of action in all circumstances, especially in thick woods. As electricity can be taken in wires through the thickest grove, the application of this power is more convenient. Hence the electric tree-feller, which has just been invented and is said to be very successful.

IMPURITIES.—If the condensed breath collected on the windows or walls of a room that several people have been occupying were assembled and burned, it would give off a smell like singed hair, thus showing the presence of organic matter. If it were left for a few days and then examined under the microscope it would be found to be putrescent and alive with animalculae. In such a condition it would form a powerful factor in promoting disease; but it can always be got rid of by the free circulation of fresh air through the room.

THE NERVES.—Celery acts upon the nervous system, and it is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes stimulate the liver, and spinach and common dandelion, prepared in the same way, have a direct effect on diseases of the kidney. Onions, garlic and olives promote digestion by stimulating the circulatory system, with the consequent increase of the saliva and gastric juice. Raw onions are also regarded as a remedy for sleeplessness, and the French believe that onion soup is an excellent tonic in cases of debility of the digestive organs.

Farm and Garden.

WALNUT WOOD.—A piece of land planted to black walnut may not be a paying investment at first, but he who attempts it, and can afford to wait, will have a small fortune from it when the trees are large enough to be of value.

ROADS.—If you have a rough road across the farm where heavy loads are moved, make it smooth before you use it again. One stone six inches high in a wheel track cause more wear of team and carriage than an additional half mile of of smooth road.

CHANGE.—When a crop has succeeded well under favorable circumstances try another crop in its place next time. When you harvest your crops in the fall then decide what each field shall be sown with the following spring, and do not leave it to chance.

SOLID AND LIQUID.—The liquid manure is more valuable than the solids, and a liberal use of absorbent material will aid in arresting its loss. It should be saved carefully, and a drain led to some kind of a receptacle from which it may be pumped over the manure heap.

HORSES.—Thousands of horses are injured and finally ruined by paring their feet too much. The heels should never be pared or cut down. It is a mania with horseshoers to cut away the heels and frogs. This causes the feet to contract and tender feet is the result. Keep an eye on the buttress.

POTATOES.—Potatoes are dried as fruits are for use on ships and in mining camps, where fresh vegetables cannot be easily procured. The potatoes are sliced and dried in a common evaporator, just as apples are, and when used are soaked in water twelve hours to soften and freshen them.

SOD-LAND.—Old sod land may require frequent pulverizing before it can be effectually reduced, as portions of the sod may not be perfectly turned under, and the grass will sprout. It will not decompose in such cases, and if necessary the land may have to be cross plowed. The pulverizer can do good work on it, however and should be used after each rain until the field is in a fine condition. Next spring the effects of the labor bestowed will be shown on the corn grown on the land.

WARNER'S Safe Cure cures nervousness, insomnia, hysteria and neuralgia. Why? Because these are symptoms of an impure condition of the blood, caused by unhealthy kidney action. The poisonous urea and uric acid being retained in the blood cause the symptoms of kidney disease first noted.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11, 1889.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
3 Copies One Year 5 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 8 00
13 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 20 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 720 Sansom St.

Watching and Waiting.

Watching the heart and the life imports a strong, lively and abiding sense and persuasion of the exceeding greatness of the evil which we watch and contend against. Sense of danger is the first step to safety, and no man watches but to secure and defend himself.

Watching is a troublesome and severe work, and wise men would not willingly trouble themselves to no purpose.

A combatant must first know and dread the mischief of a blow before he will fence against it: he must see it coming with his eye, before he will ward it off with his hand.

He that prays, and does not follow it with watching, is like him that sows his field with precious seed, but leaves the gate open for swine to come and root it up.

Watchfulness without prayer is presumption, and prayer without watchfulness is a mockery.

Prayer not assisted by practice is laziness, and contradicted by practice is hypocrisy; it is indeed of mighty force and use within its proper compass, but it was never designed to supply the room of watchfulness or to make wish serve instead of endeavor.

Heaven generally gives spiritual blessings and deliverance as it does temporal, that is, by the mediation of an active and vigorous industry.

The fruits of the earth are Heaven's gift, and we pray for them as such; but yet we plant, and we sow, and we plough for all that; and the hands which are sometimes lifted up in prayer must at other times be put to the plough, or the husbandman must expect no crop.

Everything must be effected in the way proper to its nature, with the concurrent influence of the Divine grace, not to supersede the means, but to prosper and make them effectual. And upon this account men deceive themselves most grossly and wretchedly when they expect that from prayer which was never intended for it.

He who hopes to be delivered from temptation merely by praying against it deludes himself, and might to as much purpose fall asleep in the midst of his prayers as do nothing but sleep after them.

Some ruin their souls by neglect of prayer, and some perhaps do them as much mischief by adoring it, while by placing their whole entire confidence in it they commit an old piece of idolatry and make a god of their very devotions.

We have heard of one, and him none of the strictest livers, who yet would be sure to say his prayers every morning, and when he had done bid the devil do his worst, thus using prayer as a kind of spell or charm; but the old serpent was not to be charmed thus; and so no wonder if the devil took him at his word and used him accordingly.

Let watchfulness and prayerfulness keep pace with each other. Some are very vigilant, but too self-reliant. They resemble a sentinel who, in the dark night, discovers the foe approaching, and goes forth alone to meet an armed multitude. They lift up brave hands against their spiritual foes. Others are very devout, but not so circumspect as they might be.

With vigilance prayer is to be joined. When fleets near the coast at night, they give and receive signals. It is not enough that lighthouses warn them of danger; so they throw up rockets as signals, to be answered by other signals from the land. Now we think these signals are much like our prayers and the answers to them which we receive.

Natures that are constitutionally overprone to vigilance are apt conscientiously to redouble that which they do not need in such measure. They are of opinion that fear is almost a positive Christian grace.

They not only set a needless number of sentinels about the dwelling of their soul, but they seem to frequent the company of the sentinels without more than that of guests that are, or should be, within.

Many a man has little time for religion within, because he is so busy watching the devil outside.

Theirs is a religion which is more in fear of evil than in enjoyment of good. There are a great many men that have never yet known the profound philosophy of the command: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." The way to overcome evil is, sometimes, to watch it; but a man who does nothing but watch evil will never overcome it. He must advance against it.

MEN believe evil of others more readily or more easily than they believe good. A late writer exposes this sad failing of human nature in the following incisive terms: "How comes it that the evil men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, while our good, kind words don't seem, somehow, to take root and bear blossom? Is it that, in the stony hearts of mankind, these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is a good, brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, and devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

ONE could take down a book from a shelf ten times more wise and witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book on two legs.

HAPPINESS is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this particular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the manna in the desert: He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.

OF all vices take heed of drunkenness. Other vices are but fruits of disordered affections; this disorders, nay, banishes, reason. Other vices but impair the soul; this demolishes her two chief faculties, the understanding and the will. Other vices make their own way; this makes way for all vices. He that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.

GOD hath given to mankind a common library, his creatures; and to every man a proper book, himself, being an abridgment of all the others: If thou read with understanding, it will make thee a great master of philosophy, and a true servant to the divine Author. If thou but barely read, it will make thee thy own wise man, and the Author's fool.

"WE touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. We are the miracle of miracles; the great, inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.

ALL excess is ill, but drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets; is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous, and mad. He that is drunk is not a man, because he is, for so long, void of reason that distinguishes a man from a beast.

ALL rational happiness consists in a proper and just exercise of those abilities and graces which our Heavenly Father has mercifully bestowed upon us. The higher we rise, and the broader we extend in the knowledge of moral holiness, righteousness, and truth, the more happy we are capable of being.

A HOOP, turning upon its hinges, is in a state of motion, but it never advances. A chariot, moving upon wheels, is not only in motion, but goes onward. The conduct of some persons in religion resembles the former: There is action, but no advancement; they move, but it is on hinges, not on wheels.

IT is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them.

GRATITUDE is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed; not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

THE happiness of life is made up of minute fractions; the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

DRUNKENNESS is the vice of a good constitution or of a bad memory: of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends till it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting intoxicated, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

ENVY ought, in strict truth, to have no place whatever allowed it in the heart of man; for the goods of this present world are so vile and low that they are beneath it, and those of the future world are so vast and exalted that they are above it.

IF we speak of peace as the lot of the Christian, we mean something very different from the peace of inactivity. In no such sense will he enjoy rest. His life must be one unbroken struggle, one continual going on unto perfection.

EPICURUS says: "Gratitude is a virtue that has, commonly, profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.

PREPARE yourself for the world, as the athletes used to do for their exercises: oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. Strength, alone, will not do.

THE HAND is the mind's only perfect vassal, and when, through age or illness, the connection between them is interrupted, there are few more affecting tokens of human decay.

WHATEVER difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes them equal.

ENVY is like a fly, that passes all a body's soundest parts and dwells upon the sores.

SUCCESS has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

The World's Happenings.

A low, broad shoe heel is the best for children's wear.

At Spokane Falls, W. T., the other day, a Mr. Wood espoused a Miss Pyle.

A system of propelling street cars by compressed air is in operation in San Francisco.

Mrs. Melvania, of Corydon, Ind., who was fined by a certain recently, died of blood poisoning.

Some brilliant person wanted to present the Sing Sing convicts with a parcel of pigs-in-clover puzzles.

"Excuse haste and a bad pen," was the message left behind by a convict on escaping from a Western State prison.

Mr. J. T. Medlin, of Milledgeville, Ga., has a hen that will be 12 years old next May. She is still a good layer and setter.

After being kept alive in an incubator for 3 days, a Worcester, Mass., child, which had been prematurely born, died.

On a recent day in Pittsburg there were so many funerals that liverymen were unable to supply the demand for carriages.

A number of thieves in San Francisco have been engaged in the singular occupation of stealing bedclothes from residences.

A weather prophet of Somerset county, Pa., announces that there will be a snow storm in May and several heavy frosts in June.

One result of the tailors' strike in Erie was the postponement of a fashionable wedding, the groom being unable to get his suit in time.

A Phœnixville man, it is reported, advertised for a stray beagle hound with a white breast, and had 200 such quadrupeds brought to him.

In the German universities three hundred students are studying with the special purpose of adopting Christian mission work among the Jews.

The latest life saving novelty is an electrical invention which rings a bell in a hotel office and registers the room number when some verdant person blows out the gas.

A $5 bill was the reward paid to the honest finder of a packet containing $31,000, lost recently by a messenger of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, of New York city.

A 3-year-old daughter of William Laws, of Erie, Pa., fell into a well containing 4 feet of water. The child's skirts assumed a parachute shape and kept her from drowning until she was rescued.

The automatic bar-tender in Prohibition States is a machine with a 10-cent slot, a 20-cent slot, etc., into any one of which old Thirstythroat may drop his coin and quench his thirst according to his taste.

A bull dog which was sent out to find a child that had wandered from its home near Reno, Nevada, proved successful in the search. The little one was discovered some miles from town, in a dense thicket of sage brush.

In England a new parachutist, W. S. Young, hopes to outstrip his rivals by dropping with his parachute tied up in a sack. He says he will go so high that he will have time to release the parachute and come down as usual.

England proposes to build, in addition to the 55 war vessels of one sort or another now in course of construction, 70 others, costing $110,000,000. All are to be completed by 1894, when the British navy will number 501 vessels, all told.

An association just organized in London proposes to set up disabled or poverty-stricken war veterans in the business of flower-selling on the streets. The veterans are to be provided with glass-covered barrows, like greenhouses, on wheels.

In Whitefield, N. H., the other day a drunken man passed through the street leading a horse by the bridle. The man walked with difficulty, but each time was steadied by the horse, the animal keeping a firm grip with its teeth on the man's collar.

Journeyman barbers in St. Louis, instead of being paid regular salary, now work on commission, getting 50 per cent. of the receipts, and the plan, which isn't original with the Mound City, is said to meet with favor from both the employers and workmen.

In Canton a Chinaman, who stole dimes from his employer and regularly swallowed them to avoid detection, became entirely too greedy for his health' good and he died from a stomach trouble after a few days' illness. An autopsy revealed 32 dimes in his stomach.

A young man living near Sharonville, Ohio, who tried to frighted a companion by "dressing up as a ghost," only got his face damaged for his pains. The youth whom he had intended to scare took up a large stone on seeing the spirit approach and struck the latter full in the nose.

A New Haven man made a dying request that beer and cigars in abundance be supplied the military and fraternal organizations attending his funeral. He was buried Sunday, and his wish was carried out to the letter, the beer and cigars being dispensed in the hall, and several of the members became quite "mellow" and jolly, and sang popular airs.

Lightning struck the barn of George Dydnger, near Millerstown, Pa. The bolt of fire shot through the roof under which were standing 5 cows. The one next the wall was killed, the two next were not even singed, but the fourth animal in the row was struck dead. Then the lightning crossed to the other side of the stable and performed a similar feat, killing the two cows at the ends and leaving the two in the centre unhurt.

While a farmer named Van Dyke was plowing recently at Muncy Hills, near Williamsport, Pa., he dropped his pocketbook, containing $20. It fell into the furrow, and on the next trip he made around the field it was plowed under. Since the discovery of his loss the distracted farmer has been plowing the field over and over in the hope of turning up his lost property, but up to last accounts he had not been successful.

ETHEL.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Love, halo her with splendor,
O world be with her tender,
God in Thy might defend her—
This child of my best love.

Life, laurel her with gladness,
Drown fathoms deep all sadness,
Hide her from sorrow's madness—
This child of my best love.

Years, roll her on to glory,
Keep free from blight her story,
Ne'er let her joys grow hoary—
This child of my best love.

For My Life.

BY A. G. R.

"MY good woman," I said struggling to control my temper, "these letters are of greatest importance: they must be taken to Walthamthwait Manor to-night."

But, although I spoke in my most autocratic manner, in my heart of hearts I knew that she, not I, was the mistress of the situation. I think she knew it too, judging by the gentle, deprecating way in which she smiled; a woman never looks so like a reed as when possessed of power, and bent on using it.

"These letters must be taken to walthamthwait Manor to-night," I repeated emphatically.

'Certain! , sir; I make sure when the master comes home he will lend you the mare," the farmer's wife replied gently.

"But you say you don't know when he will come; perhaps not to-night."

"Why, sir, you see it all depends on them sheep, and sheep are the most unreckonable of creatures. If the master has sold them all I'm pretty sure we shall see him to-night; though he might go on to Paisley for the market," she added meditatively.

"There now, you see yourself we cannot rely upon him; I must find a messenger. Have you no man about the place?"

The woman shook her head.

"Then there is no help for it; I cannot walk a step further, so your son must go," I said pointing to a lad about eighteen who was lounging on the settle.

Mrs. Metcalf shook her head more decidedly than before.

"Of course I will pay him for going," I added impatiently.

"It's not that, sir, Jim would go, and gladly too, just to oblige you, if it was anywhere else; but not to the Manor, sir, to-night. Why, it is almost dark already."

"But it is not more than five miles, you say, and a great fellow like that cannot mind the darkness."

"Not to the Manor, sir; anywhere else you like—but not to the Manor. Jim shall not go the Manor to-night."

That was all she would say; and my prayers, entreaties, bribes, and threats were alike powerless to move her from her resolve. The more I stormed the more gentle she became, but with the inflexible gentleness of one who was determined at any cost to protect her own from danger.

On the first of September—it was then the twentieth—my brother and I had come down into Yorkshire on a walking tour.

Frank was more active than myself, but we had stuck faithfully together until the previous day, when, his patience being exhausted by the time I took vainly endeavoring to make a sketch of some rocks, he had set off alone into Craven, to Walthamthwait Manor, which some cousins of ours had taken for the season: and there I had arranged to meet him after a day's rest at Paisley.

At Paisley, however, I found a budget of letters, and amongst them one from the Admiralty, summoning Frank back to his ship.

As the letters had been waiting some days, no time was to be lost; and hearing from the inn-keeper that Walthamthwait was within an easy walk, I set out.

My road lay up Nidderdale, but either the landlord's idea of distances varied considerably from mine, or else I must have lost my way, for after passing Middlesmoor I wandered for hours in an almost uninhabited region, and then learned at a little wayside farmhouse that I was still five miles from the Manor.

The farmer's wife received me most hospitably, and offered me a bed, which, as I was thoroughly worn out, I should have been most thankful to accept, if only I could have found some one to carry the letter to Frank.

I took the woman into my confidence thinking that, if she realized my difficulty she would be the more ready to help me.

She listened to my story with a sympathy that was quite touching. "If only the old mare were at home," she kept saying but none the less was she resolved that Jim should not go to the Manor that night; nor could she give me any hope of finding either a horse or a messenger on the way.

"There's not a house between here and the Manor," she said, with a queer little glance at her son; "and if there was, nobody would live in it. Now, sir, just be reasonable. You look real down tired. Have a bit of supper now, and you will feel better. If the master comes home you can have the mare, and if not, Jim shall take the letter over betimes in the morning."

There was nothing else to be done, so I was obliged to submit, although resolved that, if the farmer did not return by nine o'clock I must set out for the Manor on foot.

The woman's obstinacy had excited my curiosity. Although the house was clean and neat, there were signs of poverty on every side; it could only be a very strong reason, I thought, that made her thus prevent her son's earning a couple of sovereigns by a five miles' walk.

She tried to avoid the subject, but, after a good deal of questioning, she confessed that the road to the Manor was "uncanny."

This idea amused me not a little; I had thought that all these old superstitions vanished when railways were invented.

But then, of course, even railways are things unknown at Walthamthwait.

"If you had seen all I have, you would be less inclined to laugh, sir," Mrs. Metcalf remarked reproachfully.

I apologized for my untimely mirth, and soon, as I sat there listening idly, the woman launched into all the details of the tragedy that must, she said, make that road for ever uncanny.

Mrs. Metcalf, the daughter of a small Berkshire farmer, had, when quite a girl, come down to the Manor as maid to Lady Barchester's two daughters.

Her mother had been a Craven woman, and before her marriage, Lady Barchester's maid.

Judging by the tone of real affection with which the woman spoke of them, her young mistresses must have been kindly, good-hearted girls, although their mother was evidently a tartar.

She was a genuine Daler, born and bred in Walthamthwait, and never leaving it until she married Sir Frederick Barchester, a fast young officer who, having come North on a shooting-party, fell in love with the beauty of Craven, married her, and took her to his Southern home.

The marriage does not seem to have proved a happy one, for when, a few years later, Lady Barchester returned to her father's house a widow, she, who had left it a bright, winsome girl, had become a fierce, hard woman, whose hand was against every man, and, as she believed, every man's hand against her.

She brought with her her two little girls, whom she loved with such jealous passion that, if they smiled at anyone but her, even at her own father, she would frown with anger.

These two girls grew up at the Manor, entirely cut off from the world, until the elder was nearly nineteen, when their father's relations interfered, and insisted upon their being taken into society befitting their rank.

Lady Barchester made a gallant struggle to keep her children for herself alone, and, at the end, it was only the fear that they should be taken from her entirely, that induced her to accompany them to town for the season.

The two northern heiresses created quite a sensation in London, and little wonder, for, according to the portraits Mrs. Metcalf showed me, they must both of them have been undeniably beautiful.

The younger of the two was a brilliant brunette, who, if one may judge by faces, had inherited her mother's determination, if not her jealous temper; the elder was cast in a gentler mold.

She was one of those tall, willowy girls who look as if a gust of wind would blow them away. Her face was wonderfully lovely, with large, piteous blue eyes, which seemed as if they were appealing—appealing, too, in vain—for sympathy to those around.

By the strange magnetism of contrasts it was the gentle Dorothea, not the more brilliant Kathleen, who was her mother's favorite child.

When, at the end of the season, the Barchesters returned to the Manor, Kathleen was betrothed to the great catch of the year, Sir Lionel Foster, the owner of large estates in Craven, and a member of a good old Northern family.

Lady Barchester, far from being elated at her daughter's good fortune, grieved over it as a calamity. She did not hold with marrying and giving in marriage, and openly declared that, if Sir Lionel had not been a Dalesman, he should never have married her daughter.

Dora, too, had found a suitor, a young artist, whose father, the leading Queen's Counsel of his day, owed his fortune and fame entirely to his own ability.

Mrs. Metcalf, much as she deplored the fact of Arthur Dacre's being only "a painting fellow and no sort of family," was forced to confess that he was a fine, handsome young man, who had already made a mark in his profession, and was, as she styled it, "very much thought of in London;" but as she naively remarked, "If the King upon his throne had asked for Miss Dora in marriage, her mother would have rejected him with scorn;" so there was little hope for one who combined the obnoxious attributes of parvenu, artist, and Southron.

Lady Barchester seems to have been determined that no one should come between this daughter at least and herself. The young artist did not take the contemptuous refusal he received much to heart.

Perhaps the fair Dora had found some means of letting him know that she did not share her mother's views, for he coolly wrote and told Lady Barchester that he should renew his proposal when her daughter was of an age legally to decide for herself.

This meant that the young people must wait about eighteen months.

But Sir Lionel, who was a friend of Mr. Dacre's encouraged the match, and took care that his sister-in-law should, from time to time, meet the man she loved.

At length when Dora was twenty-one, she summoned courage to tell her mother that she was resolved to marry Arthur Dacre.

A terrible scene ensued, which the girl's strength, already undermined by the silent struggle of the two previous years, was little able to endure; and just as her mother, in a fierce blaze of rage, was calling down the wrath of heaven upon the base-born traitor who had stolen from her her daughter's love, Dora fell to the ground, with blood streaming from her mouth—she had broken a blood-vessel.

Lady Barchester's remorse was as passionate as had been her anger, and, ready to make any sacrifice now that her daughter's life was in question, she hastily summoned Arthur Dacre.

Unfortunately he was abroad, and nearly a month elapsed before he reached Walthamthwait. In the meantime, Dora seemed to have recovered her usual health, and her mother had begun keenly to regret the invitation she had sent.

"The day Mr. Dacre was to arrive was a terrible day for all of us," Mrs. Metcalf said with a sigh. "Sir Lionel rode backwards and forwards between Stony Place and the Manor, trying to persuade my lady to be reasonable; for, at the last moment, she had changed her mind and declared that Mr. Dacre should not see Miss Dora. She, poor thing, was just a picture of misery the whole time. I felt sure they would kill her amongst them.

"It was settled at last, though not without a terrible hard battle, that Mr. Dacre should stay with Sir Lionel, and from there come over to dine at the Manor. When Miss Dora knew that she was really going to see him, she was like a different being; she laughed, and chatted, and sang as she came and helped me to look through her gowns, for she was bent, she said, upon wearing her prettiest that night. I remember so well, just as we heard the carriage wheels in the distance, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"'Annie,' she said, 'look through all my things. I should like to give something to each of you to-night. And please run down with that gray traveling-shawl to Mrs. Roberts. The one she was wearing on Sunday was so thin, there could be no warmth in it. Give her my love too.'

"Now at the Manor the dining-room door was never shut, as a heavy curtain hung before the opening. As soon as I knew dessert was on the table, I stole downstairs to have a peep from behind this curtain at my young mistress and her betrothed. There was no one but they and my lady at table.

"Miss Dora, who was usually so silent and sedate, was beaming with happiness, and laughing and talking gaily, whilst Mr. Dacre seemed to hang on the very words as they fell from her lips; they were all and all to each other, for although from time to time they would turn and make some remark to my lady, it was always with an effort.

"It was just awful to see my lady! She sat at the head of the table with a scowl as black as thunder upon her face. How them young people could laugh and talk so with her glowering down upon them, I could not imagine. The way she looked made my very blood run cold.

"About nine o'clock a terrible storm came on; I have seen many a bad one in my time, but none so bad as that. Folks don't know what real storms are like until they have lived in these narrow valleys.

"That night the lightning seemed to play like great tongues of fire around the house, whilst the thunder roared, the wind howled, and rain fell in torrents. I was too frightened to upstairs alone, so I crept down into the hall. As it struck ten o'clock my lady rang the bell, and inquired if Sir Lionel's carriage had not come for Mr. Dacre.

"'Sir Lionel's not a gentleman as would send a horse out on such a night,' I heard old Thomas, the butler, reply sturdily. 'Why, my lady, have ye na seen the lightning? I'd like to see a carriage that could stand in this wind.'

"'Mr. Dacre,' my lady said, in that stately way of hers, 'Sir Lionel promised that his carriage should be here by ten o'clock; he has failed to fulfil his engagement; I am afraid you will be obliged to walk to Stoney Place.'

"Through the open door I could see Miss Dora and Mr. Dacre look at her in blank amazement.

"'But, mamma, surely——' Miss Dora began, but her mother cut her short with a gesture.

"'I know that young men are not now what they used to be,' my lady said, in a voice that made me shudder; it seemed to cut like a sharp knife as you heard it. 'And of course there is all the difference in the world between Northerners and Southerners; but I should have thought that, even for a Southerner, a walk of two miles would scarcely have been counted a hardship.'

"'Neither of two, nor of twenty, I hope,' Mr. Dacre replied with a laugh. 'But, in inky darkness, with a storm such as this raging——' he hesitated.

"'It is a straight path, you cannot miss it.'

"'Do you mean, Lady Barchester, that you really wish me to set out in this storm?' he asked indignantly.

"'Your invitation, Mr. Dacre, was until ten o'clock. If it is darkness you are afraid of,' my lady added with a sneer, 'one of the footmen may accompany you.'

"Mr. Dacre's face flushed angrily. 'Thank you, I will not trouble your servant, and, as I am so unwelcome, I will intrude upon you no longer. Good evening, Lady Barchester. Good-bye, Dora. Don't let this trouble you, darling,' he added, lowering his voice. 'I shall see you to-morrow.'

"He walked to the door, which old Thomas opened most unwillingly. A violent gust of wind dashed the men across the threshold back into the hall, and at that moment a vivid flash of lightning filled the air with flame, whilst the crash of thunder was so loud that the whole building reeled. Miss Dora, who had been standing as one stunned, sprang forward with a shriek:

"'Arthur, you shall not go, you shall stay here. Mother, you cannot turn him out. Arthur, darling, say that you will not go.'

"And she clung to his arm with piteous entreaty.

"'Be silent, child,' my lady said sternly. 'Have you no sense of maidenly modesty? Mr. Dacre, must I tell you for the second time you are intruding?'

"He looked at her for a moment, as if strongly tempted to tell her what he thought; then he threw his arms around Miss Dora in one passionate embrace, forced open the hall door, and strode away.

"'For Heaven's sake, be careful at that bridge,' old Thomas cried after him; and then, turning to my lady, he said solemnly: 'Your father, my old master, wouldn't have turned a dog out on such a night as this, my lady. In Craven a curse rests on them as turns away a guest.'

"Miss Dora never closed her eyes that night, but just lay and moaned like a stricken lamb. It was well on to morning when I fell asleep myself, and when I awoke she was standing by my bedside, very white, but quite calm and determined.

"'Annie, please dress quickly,' she said. 'I am going to Stony Place and you must come with me. I will not stay another day in a house where he is not welcome.'

"By eight o'clock we were on our way. It was a lovely morning; the storm seemed to have swept from the earth all that was not beautiful and sweet. My mistress talked away quite calmly as we walked. She told me she should stay with her sister and Sir Lionel until she was married.

"'It will only be a week or two now,' she said with a smile and a faint flush, and that then she would go to London and I was to go too.

"Now, at about half-a-mile from the Manor, there is a little stream which separates the park from the meadows. I call it a stream, and so it is in a usual way; in summer, even you may ford across it, although, after a heavy rain, it swells out into quite an important river. You will see it, sir as you go to the Manor—just at the park entrance; there is no lodge at this side.

"In those days there was an old-fashioned wooden bridge that the gentlefolks set great store by, and artists used to come from all around to sketch. As we drew near I noticed that the river was more swollen than I had ever seen it before, and also that something was wrong with the bridge.

"One of the shafts that supported it had been washed away and had dragged down with it the little hand-rail. I was just wondering what we should do, for it is a long way by the road to Stony Place, when my mistress suddenly sprang from my side, and, with one bound, was at the brink of the river. What followed, sir, to this day I never rightly knew.

"I heard a shriek—oh, Heavens! I can hear that shriek still; it was more like the cry of a wounded animal than that of a human creature—and saw Miss Dora jump into the river. She fell just in the middle, where the current was most strong, and in a second she was carried away by the force of the stream far beyond my reach. Some men were working in a field near, and heard my cries; but they were too late. Miss Dora was dead long before they reached her."

The woman stopped to dry her tears.

"What could have induced her to commit so wild a deed?" I asked.

"Ah, sir! she had cause enough for what she did, as I saw when I came back to the stream; for there, on the further bank, Mr. Dacre was lying, white and ghastly, with a terrible wound in the side of his head. He must have been on the bridge when it fell for the doctor said he was not drowned—I myself saw that his face was out of the water—but died from hitting his head against a stone. Miss Dora must have caught sight of him and tried to spring across the river to his side."

"What became of Lady Ravenscar?"

The woman shuddered as she replied: "The news that something was wrong must have reached her, for we had just taken the poor young gentleman out of the water and laid him on the grass when I saw my lady coming toward us. She came quite close and stood for a moment looking down at him with such a strange, fierce look, almost as if she was glad he was gone. When her eyes fell on me, she asked angrily what I was doing there, and made me go and see to my young mistress.

"'She must know nothing of this,' she said sternly. 'Do you understand. I forbid you to tell her a word of this,' and she turned towards the house; but the plank of wood on which her dead daughter was lying barred her way.

"We were all on the soft grass, and had never heard the footsteps of the men who were carrying it. It was terrible to see the dead faces of those two young things; but their faces was nothing to my lady's. When I am alone the awful look that came over her when she saw Miss Dora lying before her, haunts me sometimes, even now.

"She stood perfectly still, just as if she were in a dream; and not one of us dared to move. Then Sir Lionel rode up. Some one must have told him what had happened, for he was white as death. My lady looked at him for a moment and then said quietly, but in a voice that seemed to come from her an hollow caves: 'Lionel, I killed him, so God has killed her,' and then she turned and walked to the house with her usual stately gait.

"The men that were carrying Miss Dora and Mr. Dacre followed her slowly, we all walking behind them. My lady must have gone more quickly than we, for when we reached the broad avenue she was already out of sight, and just as we crossed the threshold of the Manor House, the report of a gun rang through the air. My lady had shot herself."

"But what had all this to do with Jim's not being able to take my letters?" I asked after a long pause during which the good woman had in some degree recovered her composure.

She looked at me for a moment as if she thought I must be singularly lacking in intelligence to ask such a question, and then said solemnly: "It is the twentieth of September, sir, to-day; twenty seven years ago to night that poor young gentleman died by the Manor Park bridge. He will be there to night."

I had no time for further discussion, so prepared to start at once in spite of all Mrs. Metcalf's entreaties that I would not tempt fate by trying to cross the bridge that night. "That poor young gentleman will be there," she repeated again and again.

"I only hope he may," I replied with a laugh, as I wished her good-night.

I set out for the Manor, philosophising as I went, on the strange persistency with which old superstitions still linger on in the North. "There is a fine field for a School Board here," I muttered, with a sniff of scorn. "How can people in this our day be capable of such folly?"

All my life I had had a peculiar contempt for so-called psychic experiences, being firmly convinced that in every case they were the inventions of impostors, or the ravings of hysterical women. So far did my antipathy go, that I had given up taking my favorite newspaper simply because it would persist in recording the sayings and doings of the Psychical Society. If, when I started for the Manor, any one had asked me whether I believed in ghosts, I should have regarded the question as a stupid joke, so convinced was I that no sensible man could do anything of the sort; but, before I was at the end of my journey that night, I was doomed to discover that, even in myself, there were more things than I had dreamed of in my philosophy.

My path lay along a narrow lane, with thick bushes growing on either side, from which, now and then, tall trees raised up their heads. It was one of those nights we sometimes have in September, when light and darkness seem to be playing some fitful restless game.

The moon was a good-sized crescent, and shone with quite a brilliant light, but dark heavy clouds kept flitting before its light casting thick darkness on the world. A gentle breeze was blowing, just enough to make the leaves, as they fluttered, moan and coo as if they had piteous tales to tell if only they could find a listener.

Perhaps it was they that recalled to my mind what the farmer's wife had told me. There was something almost grotesque in the thought of this peaceful little valley having been the scene of a tragedy so ghastly—of a young man full of life and bright hopes having met there with such a fate; to die like a dog in a ditch, and all through the obstinate folly of a jealous old woman!

I caught myself trying to imagine what Arthur Dacre must have felt that night when driven out into the storm. The air seemed to become suddenly chill, or perhaps my weariness made me exaggerate what was only a natural change in the atmosphere.

Be that as it may, I shivered as I dragged my tired limbs along, vainly longing for my journey to be ended. The solitude was almost terrible; there was no sign of human being or human habitation, not even a bird was singing, and when a dead leaf blew against my face I started as if I had received a blow.

I pulled myself together and tried to laugh at my own folly; but struggle as I might, the conviction that there was something uncanny about the road forced itself upon me.

The silence, broken only by the rustling of leaves, seemed to become more and more unnatural. I tried to whistle, but the weird force with which the trees re-echoed the sound was more trying even than the stillness.

The trees, too, began to assume all sorts of grotesque forms and shapes: one great gaunt oak stretched out its arms like a skeleton, seeking to clutch the passers-by; another bore a strange resemblance to a gallows.

Just as I was passing this one, something touched my foot—it was only a rabbit running across the path—and my heart began to throb and flutter. "Clearly I have been walking too much, and overstrained myself," I said, but a mocking voice whispered that it was the mind, not the heart, that was affected. "What about the superstitious folly of these Northerners now, eh?" it asked.

Could it be that I, the sceptic of sceptics, was disturbed by the remembrance of the stupid prophecy of a garrulous old woman? The thought was too absurd, and I strode manfully on. Still, it was no good denying it, the road was uncanny, and in my life I had never seen such strangely human-looking trees; each one of them seemed to have a theory of its own as to how the sound of my footsteps should be echoed.

At length, just as the inexplicable feeling that had taken possession of me was becoming unbearable, I heard the sound of running waters, which told me that I must be near the bridge. The thought that I had only half-a-mile more to go, gave new life and energy, and I walked rapidly on to the solid stone erection that had replaced the rustic wooden bridge of other days.

The park was, as I could see, fenced off from the stream by an iron railing. Just as I was in the middle of the bridge, I had another touch of that queer jerky feeling at my heart, that I had had twice before that night.

To this day I don't know why I should have felt the sensation then, for I could swear that, at the moment I did feel it, there was no thought of Arthur Dacre in my mind. I stood still, frightened at the rate my heart was beating, and, as I did so, I noticed something white glimmering close to the railing.

What it was I could not tell as the moon was hidden by a cloud; then, I will confess, the remembrance of the tragedy which had been enacted there twenty-seven years before flashed into my mind.

My heart beat more spasmodically than before; I was conscious of a strange choking sensation, as if something were pressing tightly around my throat, and I felt an unconquerable reluctance to advancing further until I knew the meaning of that white gleam.

In a moment, however, an overwhelming sense of the absurdity of my conduct rushed into my mind, I took one step forward; but at instant the moon pierced through the cloud that had enveloped it, and shone down with a clear brilliant light, and I saw the white ghastly face of a dead man turned towards me.

The wish I had so rashly uttered as I left the farm was gratified: Arthur Dacre stood before me. His body was hidden by the bushes, but his face I saw as clearly as I see this lamp before me now.

I stood as one paralyzed. For my life, I could not have moved an inch; my heart seemed to cease beating, and my brain reeled as an unutterable sense of horror—not fear, but something a thousand times more terrible, penetrated my whole being. I would rather face a hundred deaths than experience that feeling again. The figure seemed to motion me to advance, and then, as if it noticed my unwillingness, it uttered a cry so strange in the unutterable piteousness of the sorrow it expressed, that it froze my very heart, and——

I remember no more until I found myself lying on the grass, and heard a rough, kindly voice muttering by my side:

"Queer job, this! Lean on me, sir; ye be all right now."

It was Farmer Metcalf, who had ridden after me to offer the loan of his horse.

A serious illness, which my friends attributed to over-walking, was the result of my adventure, and it was a month before I was able to leave Walthamthwait. The day before I started for town, Farmer Metcalf paid me a visit.

Evidently the good man had something on his mind. He hummed, and hawed, and twirled his hat for some time in confusion.

"I kind o' guess, sir," he at length began, "ye'd had a bit o' a fright that night I found ye lying by the bridge. That white thing, ye know, it give me an ugly turn when I first seed it, but it was nobbut the Squire's white-face mare that had gotten its head fast in t'iron railings!"

Born in Purple.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

THERE'S time enough, Margery—I tell you time enough. No object that I can see in spoiling the boy's holiday by mixing gall with his champagne."

"He'll have to drink the gall sooner or later, Sir Æneas."

"Well, then, let it be later and rest assured I'll make the dose as small as I possibly can. Don't shake your head, Margery, and look disagreeably doubting. You are too much given to fads and fancies. What you want to trouble about Hubert at all for I can't for the life of me conceive. You are always bothering on this subject, and yet you are only my housekeeper."

"I wonder, Sir Æneas——"

"Don't wonder at all, my good woman, but trust. Let us hear no more on this subject. I am hale and hearty enough. I suppose you will allow that; scarcely turned fifty, too, and yet you treat me as if I were an octogenarian dotard."

And Sir Æneas Gavestone, as if to emphasise his statement, got up from a lounging chair in which he had been lazily reclining, and drawing his large massive frame to its height, stood with his back to his own library fire, confronting the little sharp-faced old woman he called Margery.

"Certainly, Sir Æneas; but——"

"But me no buts, unless you would make me very angry. My life is as good as Hubert's any day, though he is coming home from Oxford with a double first; the head that contains so much strong, vigorous brain but crowns a feeble, delicate carcass. He cannot ride across country or carry a gun from breakfast till sundown as I can."

"Poor lad, he was always weakly, that is one reason why I love him so; yet I sometimes almost regret that I succeeded in rearing him."

"No more," Sir Æneas said, very quietly, "of this maudlin nonsense, if you please; and see that you guard your tongue, and never by any hint of yours allow him to guess at anything which may bring dissension between him and me."

"Gracious, Sir Æneas! fancy telling me that after all these years!"

"It is only lately you have become troublesome on the subject."

A ring at the hall-door suddenly brought this conversation to a close, and both the talkers went into the corridor, into which, in another second or two, Hubert came, bounding up the staircase three steps at a time.

"Hullo, Dame Margery," he shouted, nearly knocking the old woman down as he sped into Sir Æneas's arms. "Awfully glad to be home again, pater—you do look well. Haven't had such a howling stiff examination as I have."

"My boy—my boy—it has been a triumph indeed. We must have all play now, Hubert—festivities and fun. Pity you don't care for hunting, it would set you up in no time," said the sporting Baronet, going back once more to his seat by the library fire.

Thither Hubert followed him, stopping for a second on his way to take Margery in his arms and imprint a kiss on her shrivelled old brow.

The father and son remained together for a time in the library, Sir Æneas fighting all his own Oxford battles over again, as he listened to Hubert's account of his doings; not but what Sir Æneas' successes had all been in the athletic arena, while Hubert's were purely intellectual.

An Empire clock on a marble slab struck six before the colloquy was brought to an end, then Sir Æneas jumped up:

"The Millingnams and the Davidsons will be here directly—I asked them to come and stay for a week or two—essential that you should have some young people in the house, dear boy."

Hubert's pale face flushed up, while he said, laughing:

"I never can for a moment bring myself to believe that you are a day older than I am, father. When I look at you I always pity the young fellows who have got old men for fathers."

"Yes, I am in my prime—quite in my prime—and what is funny, I don't feel a day more than twenty—can endure even more fatigue than I could at twenty. But, here they are—here they are—and if we don't have a jolly Christmas we'll know the reason why!"

Meantime Hubert snatched a gardenia out of a vase on a side table, put it in his button-hole, and ran his fingers through his hair. Then he turned round as though about to follow Sir Æneas, but finally he decided to remain where he was; nor did he regret having done so, when a vigorous and prolonged shouting fell on his ear.

"That's uncle Dan," he said to himself; "good, noisy uncle Dan; but if he is going to make a hero of me, I shall be almost sorry I have passed so well."

Then the new arrivals all came flocking into the library, and absolutely surrounded him. First, there was uncle Dan, well known in society circles as Sir Daniel Millingham, married to Sir Æneas' only sister, who had accompanied him to play hostess on this festive occasion.

They had brought with them their two sons, both in the army, and just starting for foreign service, but very keen about shooting Sir Æneas' coverts and riding his hunters, before they went into exile.

Then there were the Davidsons, who were especial favorites with Hubert; and as he gazed into the sweet, bright face of Ethel Davidson, the reason for that sprig of gardenia placed so coquettishly in his button-hole was easily explained.

Mrs. Davidson with a great deal of gush, was explaining how sorry General Davidson was that business kept him at home for a day or two, but that he would not fail to join the party later in the week.

With such a party as this assembled in the house it could not fail to be gay, and that evening was to be an especially festive one.

Uncle Dan proposed more than one toast, of which Hubert was the hero, and, carried away by his feelings, so far overstepped the bounds of good-breeding, as to make insinuations, which brought the hot blood into both Hubert's and Ethel's faces.

Two members of it were apparently very indignant at uncle Dan's remarks, namely, his own eldest son and Sir Æneas himself, who made no scruple about telling his brother-in-law to sit down, and not make a fool of himself.

This little contretemps broke up the festive gathering in the dining-room, for Lady Millingham at once rose.

Uncle Dan, who did not comprehend what a snub meant, went on talking as glibly as ever, dashing at once into Hubert's political career, since his love affairs did not appear to find favor, but he was almost talking for his own edification.

Sir Æneas was far too preoccupied to hear a word he was saying; his second boy, Alfred, was engrossed by his walnuts; and Dick, the elder one, was sparring with Hubert.

Suddenly Sir Æneas heard angry words passing between the cousins.

"Come, come, come!" he said, rising. "The wine to-night has been too strong for you boys—milk to babies. I'll have it taken from another bin to-morrow. Let us go to the ladies and put a stop to this nonsensical discussion. Come, Hubert." And he touched the young man's shoulder as he passed.

For the nonce the matter, then, was to all outward appearance set on one side, though before Dick Millingham left the dining-room he had made a resolve to quarrel with Hubert, even if it should be to the bitter end, for the love and hand of sweet Ethel Davidson.

Dick had imagined himself to be in love with her for a long time, and lately, since it had been hinted to him that Hubert was rather touched in that quarter, he felt certain that his whole hope of happiness in life depended on Ethel Davidson's acceptance of him.

On that evening, too, he believed himself to have a very fair chance of success, and bade her good night in radiant spirits.

He had sat by Ethel the entire evening, and she had chatted and laughed with him most pleasantly.

He saw not that while Ethel, out of sheer courtesy, chatted gaily with her tongue, her eyes and mind were every now and again distracted, wandering across the room in search of Hubert, who remained moodily by himself in a corner.

Nor did he perceive Ethel's anxious glances, but took it for granted that she found Dick for an amusing and eligible and amusing companion.

Yet in the bright summer-tide, when Hubert had been at home for the long vacation, he had no cause to doubt Ethel's love for him, since with her own sweet lips she had acknowledged it; he must be a maniac now to think she had changed solely because she bestowed a few pleasant sentences on Dick.

"To bed, to bed—the meet is fourteen miles off—we must breakfast early!" shouted Sir Æneas at last, breaking up the conclave at about eleven o'clock. "You won't go to the smoking-room to-night, eh! Hubert, you look worn out."

"Just one weed, father, and then I'm off to my downy."

"If you go, I go too," muttered Sir Æneas to himself, "for I don't quite like the look

of affairs between these boys."

And then the ladies started for their rooms, and the gentlemen scuttled off to put themselves into smoking-attire.

Sir Æneas had decided wisely when he made up his mind to stick to the smoking-room as long as Hubert and Dick were there together.

Sir Æneas, however, could not be ubiquitous; the cousins happened to meet as they were both coming down the back staircase from their respective rooms—and meeting, they both came to a sudden halt.

"You insulted me in the dining-room to-night!" cried Dick, angrily; "beware how you it again, or by Jove I'll——"

"Do your worst now, there's no time like the present," answered Hubert, rousing himself out of his mental apathy, and speaking with spirit.

"I love Ethel Millingham, and if you dare to interfere——" went on Dick, heatling as he referred to a subject which he believed to be very dear to his heart.

"Stop a moment" interrupted Hubert. "Has Ethel confessed her love for you?"

"What is it to you whether she has or no?"

"Only that it seems to me that the lady is the person who must settle this dispute. What is the use of you and I fighting about her if she decides to have nothing to do with either of us?"

"How can she decide? we can't propose to her together."

"No, but we can draw lots which shall propose first," and Hubert's face grew sanen as he suggested this solution of the difficulty, "and it shall be agreed that whichever she refuses shall go right away out of this country for five years."

"You, with academical honors to think upon, you agree to do this?"

"I will do."

"Thus, then, we settle it—drawing lots the morning."

And hearing Sir Æneas' voice in the hall they went down together in seeming unity.

"Five years! He will go away for five long years if Miss Ethel refuses him. Why, it would kill Sir Æneas, strong as he looks; and as for me, he had best lay me out before he starts—but Miss Ethel aint going to refuse him surely. A quarrel and a rivalry between them boys—well I never, it only wanted that to make my old bones shake and tremble as though my legs wasn't fit to carry my body. What ever shall I do? Wait for Sir Æneas and tell him this very blessed night every word as I've overheard? No, I know a trick worth two o'that—leave an old woman alone for being able to plot."

And Margery, who had been standing in an upper passage all through the conversation of the two cousins, now hobbled down the stairs with, for her, exceeding swiftness.

She did not go down to the smoking room though, but betook herself along the second landing till she reached a door at its extreme end, at which she knocked, and receiving a prompt "Come in," she in another second found herself in Ethel Davidson's bedroom.

The girl, in a pretty blue dressing-gown, was sitting by the fire reading, her heavy masses of fair hair falling in curls about her shoulders.

She did not express any surprise at seeing Margery: on the contrary, she was accustomed to the old housekeeper's occasional visits, and in truth rather expected her. She pushed her a chair and invited her to come and have a cosy chat.

"Well, Miss Ethel, and it's right glad we are to see you at Gavestone again, especially with Mr. Hubert come home and him so successful too."

"Yes, Margery, I'm so glad about his honors, but yet I almost wish he had not got them, he does look so ill—don't you think so?"

"It's little enough as I've seen of him yet, he hasn't had time to come and gossip away half an hour with old Margery. I was thinking, miss, maybe you'd tell me something about him. I'm real sorry you think he's looking ill. Does he say as he isn't well?"

"He has scarcely spoken to me, Margery, but sat the whole evening moping by himself?"

"Lor' bless me, and who was you talking to?"

"Dick, for want of someone better.

"Perhaps as my boy was jealous of Mr. Dick. He's real fond of you, I believe, Miss Ethel."

"Who is fond of me?" she asked, laughing.

"Well, both of them, miss, for the matter of that."

"Two strings to my bow—nonsense, Margery, they only exist in your imagination."

"'Taint no imagination at all. I know as both these young fellows is in love with you, but I ain't partikler sure which of them you prefer."

Ethel became very red as she answered:

"Why, Margery, I should have thought you knew!"

"I don't know, I tell ye, but folks say as you've a liking for Mr. Dick."

"Then folks say wrong, for I have not."

"And you love the other one?"

Ethel nodded her head in assent.

"Bless ye, Miss Ethel, for that—bless ye! You've taken a weight off my mind as would have killed me outright if I'd had to carry it long."

"Gracious, Margery, is it as serious as all that?"

"Dead, miss, and it is. If you'd heard what I overheard just now, you'd agree with me that it is mighty serious. It isn't settling away into foreign parts for five years as we want Mr. Hubert to do, and him out of heart all the while. As for Mr. Dick, it comes nat'ral, it's in his perfession like."

"Going away for five years; tell me, Margery, what do you mean?"

"Well, they was settling on the stairs just now they is to draw lots which is to propose first, and whichever doesn't get you is to go abroad for five years."

"They must be mad," cried Ethel, almost indignantly.

"It don't much matter if they are as long as you love Mr. Hubert—you'll soon cure him. But whatever is that—blest if Hubert isn't calling me as if he had really taken leave of his senses."

"Margery! Margery!" again shouted through the house the voice both the women knew so well.

Such earnestness, almost agony, was there in the tone, that Ethel too was impressed with the idea that some dreadful thing had happened, and accompanied Margery to the head of the stairs.

There Lady Millingham and Mrs. Davidson had already arrived, and as Hubert came flying up the staircase in search of Margery, he informed them that Sir Æneas had fainted, and was lying unconscious on the smoking-room floor.

Another second or two and they were all on the spot; water, brandy, and other restoratives were to hand, and a man was despatched for the nearest doctor.

All was of no avail; Sir Æneas never spoke again, but died about two o'clock, from an attack of heart disease, from which he never rallied.

Thus, then, was his boasted strength extinguished in a moment—thus, then, was his procrastination over affairs which Margery had wished him to settle to-day postponed for ever: and that the sufferer would be Hubert, Margery knew full well.

"My boy—my poor boy! you have no one in the whole wide world now but me now!" she whispered to him, weeping, as she stood side by side, gazing on the face of the sleeping Sir Æneas, as he lay in his coffin the night before the funeral.

"Alas!—no one but you—and Ethel," answered Hubert, in a low, sad voice, as he imprinted a kiss on the old housekeeper's withered cheek.

"Ay, if Ethel is only true."

"True! she has herself told me how she loves me; she could not do otherwise than comfort me in my sorrow," she said, "my poor, dear father, I wish he could have known and blessed us!"

"Come away, Hubert—come away! Don't let us talk of love so near the dead, my boy. May the future be bright for you, is all Margery can pray; but I fear me—I fear me—but what little I have saved is all yours."

They were out in the passage, with the door of that silent chamber closed, before Margery had done speaking.

Hubert looked at her in utter astonishment.

"My father was no spendthrift," he said; "he never exceeded his income."

"Wait till the will is read to-morrow morning—let's say no more till then."

Nor did what had been said weigh very heavily on Hubert's mind. That Margery was accustomed to regard life from its blackest aspect he was fully aware.

Alas! poor Hubert—in this instance he was destined to find out that Margery had by no means exaggerated when she dreaded the worst.

He burst into the room where the old housekeeper sat crying by the fire about an hour after the funeral had taken place, and throwing himself on the ground beside her buried his head in her lap and sobbed convulsively.

"Not his son—not his son!" he gasped out between paroxysms of sobbing.

Margery did not attempt to speak, but tried to sooth him by stroking his hair affectionately, but he went on in a spasmodic, disjointed way:

"And you knew it, Margery—knew it, and never told me—let me live a life—all these years—at Oxford too."

"I did it for your good—my poor Hubert forgive me."

"My good? How could it be for my good to be made the victim of a vile deception, and I who loved Sir Æneas as if he were my father—to have to go about the world all the rest of my days feeling what I feel towards him now! Tell me, Margery, since you know all about it, who are my parents?"

And Hubert got up from his posture at Margery's feet and drew a chair close to her.

"How ever can I tell you—how ever can I tell you—it's too bad of Sir Æneas to have left this task to me," and she threw her apron over her head, "to me who begged him so tell you his own self."

"Well?" asked Hubert very briefly—his agony had suddenly turned into a stony calm.

"Well?" he repeated.

"Don't fluster me, Hubert, with them words—it's honest folks as you're come of, though they ain't as grand as the grave stones, and you've got a good education which they couldn't never have given you."

"Yes, and five hundred a year with the right to call myself Mr. Gavestone," interrupted Herbert, bitterly. "Now go on. Are my father and mother alive?"

"No—your father died afore you was born—she was my daughter."

Hubert started to his feet.

"Margery, why did you do this?"

"Lord love ye, Hubert, I never thought as the day would come when you'd up and me! There was my dead daughter livin with the two little smiling baby in the cradle at the lodge; there was the dead heir not a week old at the Hall, and neither me nor Sir Æneas daring to tell my lady. So I wrapped you up in a shawl and carried you to Sir Æneas, who accepted you at once as if you was a gift from Heaven. You would save his darling's life, he thought; so the dead baby was put in your place beside my poor Sally as was gone; you was dressed in a grand gown and laid on my lady's bed, and nobody on the estate was a bit the wiser—only Sir Æneas and me knew the secret."

"And nobody knowing the secret but you two, why is it made public property now?"

"Because your taking the title and estates would be unfair on Sir Æneas' brother—him that is Sir Michael now."

"Exactly. I seem to be the only person who has not been considered."

The first person he sought after his interview with the old servant was his quondam cousin, Dick Millingham.

"I shall leave this house to-night—England, as soon as my affairs can be settled!" he said, speaking very abruptly. "As far as Ethel—Miss Davidson—is concerned, I renounce all claims after what has passed to-day. Go in and win—forgive any angry words I may have uttered on the subject—I had no right to speak—and may Heaven's blessing be on you both!"

That night, true to his word, Hubert left for London. Before his departure he wrote a few lines to Ethel Davidson, releasing her from her promise to be his wife; and saying that, now she knew what a shame his whole life had been, though she might pardon the share he had unwittingly had in that sham, she would of course not care for any further acquaintance with a man whose origin was so lowly.

This pathetically-written letter was put into Ethel's hands about an hour after Hubert had left and what were there left her but to weep, since no address was given; and her mother, to whom she showed it, only said:

"Quite right—quite right, my love! Sir Æneas' eldest son was one thing, but old Margery's grandson makes the case very different. You'll have to marry Dick Millingham and be a baronet's wife, after all."

"Never!" was Ethel's ejaculation. And, being a young lady of much character and energy, she forthwith went in search of Dick, and, with tears in her eyes, she showed him Hubert's letter.

Even Dick, who though rather rowdy and slangy, was not a bad fellow at heart, was touched.

"Poor chap, I am sorry for him!" he muttered, soliloquizing. "Everything gone at one fell swoop!"

"No, not everything, Dick. You at least will help him to retain his faith in one human being."

"Eh? What? I don't understand."

"You'll go and find him in London—you can do this through the lawyers—and you'll tell him that I will not release him from his promise—that I will be his wife or no other man's. When I am of age I come into some property from my grand-uncle, and I am sure papa will give me an allowance, so we shall not starve. You tell him this, and to be of good cheer, won't you, Dick?"

Dick looked at her in utter amazement and, taken completely by surprise, held out his hand.

"You are a brave and loyal girl—there are not many like you about, though I am sticking a sword in my own heart while I do it. I'll do your errand for you, Ethel, and if ever people deserve to be happy it's you and Hubert."

And he did do her errand—did it after his own fashion, too; for he burst into a quiet lodging where Hubert was breakfasting one morning, and called out in all his breath:

"Hullo! so I've found you at last, old fellow she sent me to say she won't have any of your humbug, and if you don't go and marry her she'll have to come and marry you."

"Please don't joke, Dick, on that subject!"

"It's no joke, but solemn truth, my boy—so keep your spirits up and send a cuum a piece of cake though he is soldering in India."

And the two men wrung each other's hands more cordially than they had ever done in their lives before, and Hubert knew that, though he had lost a cousin in Dick Millingham, he had found a staunch friend.

Nor was the piece of cake forgotten, when two years later, after Hubert had been called to the Bar, he and Ethel married and took up their abode in London—to Margery's intense annoyance, for having by Sir Æneas' will become the possessor of a pretty cottage, she would have liked Hubert and sweet Ethel to be always near her. They sent their children, however, in the summer-time, to play among the roses and lilies in the pretty garden; and though they were never told that Dame Margery was their great-grandmother, they loved her none the less because they knew nought of the relationship. And as for Hubert, he has long since forgiven her for taking him from his low estate, and pretending that he had been Born in Purple.

WILLIAM ROBERTS, M. D. F. R. C. P., "Pregnancy is a fruitful cause of Bright's disease. The relative proportion of cases between the ages of 30 and 45, are 80 women to every 100 men. While after this period the mortality falls to 50 women to every 100 men." Women during pregnancy are especially liable to contract kidney disease which if neglected will terminate in Bright's Disease. Keep the kidneys active, and maintain a healthy flow of urine by the frequent use of Warner's Safe Cure during the period of pregnancy. It will keep the kidneys healthy and active.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Curious suicides are coming into vogue in London. Since the Crown Prince Rudolph died sensational suicides are on the increase. The second couple killed themselves this week. The girl lamented that she would miss "the best of the fun," as she should like to hear what people would say when the corpses were discovered. Another curious attempted suicide was that of a girl of 18, who swallowed paraffine because of disappointed love, in order to revenge herself on her rival by haunting her.

An interesting experiment with mummy wheat is being made at McMinnville, Oregon. A resident of the former place has a relative living in Egypt who found a few grains of wheat in the winding sheet of a mummy believed to have been rolled up about 5000 years ago. He planted them, had the satisfaction of raising four healthy stalks, each of which had 13 distinct ears, and sent part of the product to his nephew in Oregon. The seed was planted there in spring, with suitable precautions in the shape of wire screens, and the development is awaited with anxious interest.

An extraordinary story.—The police of Buda-Pesth are investigating a truly marvellous case. A boy at the public grammar school has confessed to his father that he has for some time past taken money from the till in his shop, being ordered to do so by a man who had made him the subject of experiments in hypnotism. The father went to the school authorities, and it was discovered that a whole class of boys were in a similar plight. They acted as "mediums," and by a process known as "suggestion" were made to steal money from their parents and bring it to the ardent scientist in question. The affair is still wrapped in mystery, and it is the one topic of conversation.

One great cause of baldness, in the opinion of a Western knight of the razor, is the habit many people have of changing the style of hair-cutting half a dozen times a year, or nearly as often. He says: They insist on a "short pompadour" in the hottest months, a less pronounced crop in the fall and then wear their hair longer as the weather gets colder, gradually approaching a shave again by the time the thermometer gets up in the nineties. Now all this may be very comfortable, but it is very bad for the hair and scalp. It is best to wear the hair short all the year around, brush it freely and trust to nature for the only really effective substitute for pomade.

Much credit, writes a Madrid correspondent is due to the Liberal Government for a bill which the Minister of the Interior will submit to Parliament this session. Its object is to suppress several flagrant abuses connected with the employment of children of both sexes in mills, factories and mines. The bill further enacts that no child under nine years of age shall be employed at all, and no child under 13 in mines, mills or factories of explosives, and that all children under 17 years admitted in any employment are to be vaccinated. The maximum of work fixed by the bill for children from 9 to 13 years old is five hours daily, and for children of from 13 to 17, eight hours, but never more than four hours at a time. The bill absolutely prohibits the employment of persons under 17 years of age in any public entertainments or in acrobatic shows and circuses. Provision is made in the bill for forcing parents and employers to send children to school and to evening classes.

Officials in criminal courts who take the trouble to make a study of jurors can usually tell just what sort of a verdict a jury will give as soon its members return after deliberating upon a case. There is always a meeting in their faces which indicates to the experienced eye whether the verdict is guilty or not guilty. "When a man is going to be acquitted, especially if an old court officer in charge of a Supreme as a jury came in with a verdict in an important case a few days ago. 'You see, almost every man in the box turned his face to the defendant as soon as he took his seat. That's always a sure sign. I never knew it to fail. When the verdict is for conviction the jurors invariably keep their eyes on the Judge or on the ceiling. Members of a convicting jury of men seem to find it very difficult to look upon the prisoner, even when the clerk invites them to do so. I suppose the explanation of it is that with most people it is a hard matter to inflict pain even on a guilty man.'

In the modern arrangement of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, "ask for bread and receive a stone"; for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognise.

THE walnut is a native of Persia, Caucasus, China and America.

SURG. GEN. WOODWARD U. S. Army, says of the results of chronic malarial poisoning: "Disorder of the kidneys frequently complicates the condition under consideration. Scanty, more or less albuminous urine is often observed, and these cases not infrequently terminate in chronic Bright's Disease, with confirmed albuminuria, oedema or general anasarca." What at first is recognised as malaria is subsequently found to be Bright's Disease, which Warner's Safe Cure cures.

Our Young Folks.

THE PRINCESS.

BY A. L.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the realms of fancy, a very, very great Baron, the Baron Hauteur, and his wife, the Baroness Gentlesweet. They were very great people—all their sons and daughters bore the title of Prince or Princess, and the Baron reigned supreme over his property in the Realms of fancy, just as if he had called himself a king. He possessed a splendid castle, obedient vassals, a lovely wife, and one little girl, the Princess Mayblossom.

In the wide corridor of this stately castle, one morning in the merry month of May, the little Princess and her nurse, good old Kindheart, were engaged in a somewhat noisy quarrel.

Kindheart had produced a broad, strong ribbon with which she proposed to fasten the little princess to her apron-string, and Mayblossom declared that she was too old for leading strings! She was flying up and down the corridor laughing at the nurse's vain pursuit and maintaining loudly that for the future she would not submit to being tied to any one, when a door opened, and her mother came softly towards her. Mayblossom flew into her arms.

"Mother, dear mother! tell nurse that I am too old to be tied to her apron strings any longer! I am six years old to day."

Baroness Gentlesweet lifted the little one from the ground, and carried her off to her own pretty boudoir—where she sat down and talked gravely to her for a long time. Princess Mayblossom listened eagerly—as well she might! for her mother told her of the fate that hung over her noble house, and of the mysterious disappearance of many Princes and Princesses, her own two brothers having been the last victims.

"In another year thou wilt be safe, my treasure—the fatal Cat has no power over one who has completed seven years of life! For my sake, Mayblossom, be patient for one year longer."

"I will, dear mother—indeed I will, do not cry, and I will do anything you wish. But Kindheart does move so slow and I long to dance and run. Might I not be free even in the castle?"

"Your brothers were stolen from the Castle hall, dear child. Kindheart was my own nurse—when you was born I sent for her—and there is no one else in whom I can so securely trust. Once the dreadful cat had nearly stolen you, but Kindheart held you so firmly—she could not carry her off too; so she was baffled for once."

"I have never seen a cat—but from the picture you once showed me of one, I should think, mother, she could hardly carry me, now; much less good fat nurse."

However Mayblossom allowed the pink ribbon to be tied round her waist once more, and for some time she was submissive and patient.

But as time went on, she forgot how her mother had wept and implored her to be careful, and once more a longing to run and dance, and to be free and alone, even for a few minutes, became very strong in her foolish little heart.

The Baron was by no means a good-tempered Baron, he required a good deal of coaxing and many soft words from his wife to keep him from becoming a really ill-tempered Baron; thus Mayblossom was often obliged to take her daily walk with Kindheart only. Two pages attended them always, and other retainers were within call.

A year had almost passed: in a few days Mayblossom would be seven years old, and safe from the fate which threatened the children of her house.

It was May again, and the weather was charming. The birds sang, the deer ran over the park, the air was full of sounds and scents, and Mayblossom's heart was full of a great longing to be free. She was taking a walk with Kindheart, and the slow pace, and the company of the old nurse and the two pages, had become even more irksome than usual. Presently Kindheart said—

"Let us rest here, my Princess, the day is hot and my old bones are weary."

"Are you sure you have any bones?" said Mayblossom, pertly. "Sit down, nurse—I dare say we shall both take a nap."

Nurse looked all round. They were not far from the castle, and in the window of the Baron's library sat both the Baron and Baroness, he smoking a cigar, and she reading to him. Even while wondering whether she might safely indulge in a doze, poor Kindheart was fast asleep.

Close by there was a little wood, into which Mayblossom had never been allowed to go go. She looked longingly at it—and alas! the temptation proved too strong. She sent the pages running up to the castle, one for a cup of tea, the other for a parasol; as soon as they were gone, she took out of her pocket a pretty little "lady's companion," pulled out the scissors it contained and cut the pink ribbon through and through. Then she gently got up from beside nurse, and scampered off to the wood: in the shade of the tender young leaves she was hidden from view.

The sun was shining brightly, and the soft green darkness of the wood was delicious. There were primroses in the grass, and Mayblossom gathered her lap full. There was plenty of her pretty namesakes on the hawthorn, and she broke off great branches of it, and scratched her little white hands with its thorns; but she did not mind the smart, she was so full of glee.

She wandered on; sometimes running, sometimes stopping to gather flowers, until she reached a lovely little clear space where the turf was soft and smooth, and here she flung down her flowers and began to dance.

She danced until her golden hair flew wildly round her head; she danced until her dainty shoes fell off; she danced until her little pink toes began to peep through her silk stockings. At last in making a deep courtesy to her imaginary partner, she slipped and fell.

She lay there and laughed aloud; to get a fall, and no one at hand to make a fuss about it! This really was freedom. In the midst of her laughter she heard a sound; a tiny cry. She sat up and looked around. Under a bush close by lay a little snow-white kitten, crying pitifully.

Mayblossom had been warned again and again to avoid cats—but in her wild glee she never stopped to think, and this was such a pretty, tiny creature, and it seemed to be in pain.

She sprang up and ran towards it; the kitten rolled over on to its feet and tried to crawl away. Then the Princess saw that some cruel person had wound a green silk cord tightly round the creature's legs and paws, so that it was almost powerless to move. It lay and looked up at her, crying softly.

"You poor little thing!" cried the child, "do let me take you up and untie that horrid cord, which will certainly cut off your nice legs if you don't. Don't be afraid of me, though I am a Princess."

Here the kitten gave her a look—so very strange a look that Mayblossom stopped short and said—

"What do mean by that, please?"

The kitten uttered a terrified "mew" and made a great struggle to get up; Mayblossom pounced upon it, and in a moment had it safe in her arms. Oh, so soft, and warm, and cosy, and dear, and wee, and—kiss, kiss, kiss,—to see the way Mayblossom went on about that kitten would have made any one laugh.

Presently she sat down and began to try to untie the cord. But in vain, the knots and twists defied her.

"No one on earth could have patience to untie this," said she; "but never mind, my darling, I will soon have you free."

Again she took out her "lady's companion," and got the scissors.

"Now," said she, "we'll soon be rid of the cord," and she snipped at it without loss of time. The bright blades met, but strange to say, the cord was not cut.

Not even a mark showed where the scissors had gone through it. Surely this ought to have frightened Mayblossom, but it only made her angry.

Her cheeks grew red, her eyes bright, and she snipped and snapped with the scissors until the kitten not unreasonably expected to feel those sharp points sticking into some tender part of her pretty little person.

So she uttered a yell of terror; and then Mayblossom became aware that the green cord was being pulled. The end of it had been lying on the grass, it now rose about three feet from the ground, and became what the sailors call "taut"; very soon the strain upon it was considerable.

Mayblossom flung down her scissors and held on to the kitten: the cord got tighter—tighter again—it must soon break. But it did not break, nor did Mayblossom let the kitten go, nor did the kitten cease yelling.

At last Mayblossom found herself on her feet—whether she had risen or was pulled up she did not know; the strain on the slender green cord continued, and she let it lead her on.

On she went—slowly at first, then faster faster, faster, until the child was running as surely she had never run before. Out of the wood, across a green plain, at the other side of which she saw wild rocks which seemed to form an impassible barrier. But as she came swiftly nearer and nearer she saw a narrow opening, across which was drawn a thick crimson rope.

Mayblossom could not stop herself; she came bang up against the rope and fell flat on her back for the second time that day. When she recovered her breath and got up, she saw the white kitten sitting at the other side of the rope, quite free: the green cord had disappeared.

Perched on the rope was a most respectable-looking elderly owl, who blinked at her solemnly through a pair of blue spectacles.

"Child," said the owl, "who are you?"

"Please do not speak to me unless I speak to you," replied the child, "for I am the Princess Mayblossom, Baron Hauteur's only child. Get out of my way, for I want to pass under the rope."

"Oh, you poor, pretty innocent!" cried the owl, sadly, "go home! turn round and run away as fast as you can. Look yonder! see the home where your mother is perhaps already crying for you; run, little Princess, run for your life."

"Oh, very good!" said the white kitten, "so you want to get me punished for failing in my errand, Mistress Owl. Come on Princess, this is the Magic Valley, and just see how we enjoy life here."

A perfect troop of kittens now made their appearance, and began frisking about on the green grass.

"Do not heed them, Princess," cried the owl, "turn and flee while you can. Once inside, and you are lost."

But Mayblossom scarcely heard her, so delighted was she with the kittens. She laughed to see them spring and frisk, and at last she stooped under the rope and darted in.

And behold! another white kitten was frisking on the grass, and the little Princess—the sole hope of her noble house—had vanished!

"Joy, joy! I have done my task, I am safe!" cried the white kitten, and all the others shouted "Hurrah!" And the whole troup set off, and scampered up the valley, Mayblossom running off among them. The owl sat on the rope alone and uttered several dismal hoots.

Up, up the valley ran the kittens; it was really very pleasant. Once through the barrier formed by the rocks, the valley was very beautiful.

Every moment increased the speed of the race and Mayblossom's enjoyment. This was freedom! She bounded on, and felt as if she could continue the race for ever. When suddenly—wisk!—the leader, a fine tabby, turned sharply aside and sprang into a hole in the solid rock.

A hole just big enough to allow a full grown cat to enter it, and which was cut, clean and round and smooth, in the solid rock. One by one the rest followed, but Mayblossom hung back. Seeing this, the white kitten who had been in the wood with her, stopped and waited until they were alone together.

"Come in, Mayblossom," she said; you may as well do it willingly, for come you must."

"Must!" cried Mayblossom, "please remember who I am, I shall not go in. It has been very pleasant, but it is time for me to go home."

"Listen to me, Mayblossom. I am your aunt, you must know, your father's sister, taken from the Castle long ago. And I advise you for your own good, as aunts always do. Step this way—take care! you are such a hasty little puss! look down there and tell me what you see."

"I see a dreadful deep hole, with black, black water far down in it," said Mayblossom.

"Well now, my dear niece, if you obey the Princess of the Magic Valley, better known to you as the Fatal Cat, you may live here for ever, a nice pretty white kitten, full of fun, well-fed, with plenty of merry playfellows, and the whole valley for a playground. If you displease her, she will stick pins into you and most likely throw you into that dreadful black water. It is too late for you to hesitate now, and you will very soon be quite merry and happy here."

She led the way into the round hole as she spoke, and Mayblossom followed her slowly. The hole was really the entrance to a long dark passage.

"I don't like dark places!" said Mayblossom, "and I think I am going to be frightened."

"There is not much further to go," said the other, "already you see there is a gleam of light."

They ran on—and presently sprang out of the round passage into a large, lofty, beautiful cave. The walls were rough indeed, but then the colors were so splendid.

Ruby red, deep violet, pure blue, vivid yellow, dazzling white, with here and there green of the most delicate shades.

These colors gave light to the cave: it seemed as if they were light, for they glowed with a changeful, transparent brightness, although you could not see through them. The floor was covered with soft moss, and here and there grew strange, beautiful trees.

The air was so deliciously warm and sweet, and here Mayblossom saw all the kittens again. But in the centre of the cave, lying on a cushion of soft velvet, was a large white cat, with four black paws and a black tip to her tail.

Mayblossom knew now what had happened to her. Her mother had showed her a picture of the Fatal Cat—and there she lay! Mayblossom opened her mouth and yelled with terror.

"Hold your tongue!" said the cat. But Mayblossom screamed louder still.

"Oh mother, mother!" she cried. But oh! little Mayblossom, it seems that even in the Realms of fancy, one may cry out too late.

The cat rose, walked over to the little princess (she walked on her hind legs, like a highly trained spaniel) and seizing Mayblossom by her little furry ears, she carried her over to a lovely fountain which played and sparkled in the many-colored light, and quietly dropped her into the water which filled the marble basin.

Mayblossom after some terrified struggling, managed to crawl out.

"Dry yourself," said the Fatal Cat. "That will give you something to do, my little dear. Everytime you squall, I shall put you in that basin."

She returned to the cushion, leaving Mayblossom speechless with anger and fright.

"Come here, Fairesperance," said the cat. "What made you linger outside with you little fool?"

"She was afraid to jump into the hole," said the white kitten. "You would not wish me to leave her outside, I suppose?"

"Ha! Ha!" cried the cat. "I know no such answers here."

Fairesperance looked frightened, and hastened to say,

"What do you think of Mistress Owl, Madam, sitting on the red rope and advising Mayblossom to run home!"

"Bring me a pin," shouted the cat. "A long one. Ha! Ha! Mistress Owl will find herself in the black pool yet."

She pounced upon Mistress Owl who had but just come in, and having stuck the pin well into her, shut her up in a dark cupboard.

Then she lay down on her cushion and summoned Mayblossom, who crept over to her, half dry and more than half dead with fear.

"You have seen how I reward rebellion!" said the Fatal Cat. "Be obedient, and you may join your kindred there; play, jump, eat, drink, and be merry. It amuses me. But you may as well give up all thoughts of escape. You are mine now. Long ago, little idiot, I too was a Princess of your family. My sisters married, but I had a soul above such fate. I studied magic, I became powerful. I would have used my power for the good of my House; but they would not submit to my sway. One day the Baron, he was my grand-nephew and your great great great-grand-father, saw me box his wife's ears; she deserved it thoroughly. He ordered me to leave the Castle. I did so. I vowed to ruin the ungrateful race; and now I have done so. It has taken a long time. See here is your eldest brother, Bienaime. And here is your other brother, Desire. I have laid a spell upon them all, and I lay it upon you; none of you shall ever pass the age of seven years until you are restored to your own forms. Which will not happen, my children, I promise you. Do not venture to displease me, Mayblossom. I brought a train of servants with me when I took possession of the Valley, and Mistress Owl is the last of them. They displeased me; and I threw them into the black pool. Now be quiet, for I wish to sleep."

Mayblossom crept away, but the kittens came round her, and tried to cheer her up.

"Sister," said Bienaime, "do not cry. Our life is far merrier than if we had to learn lessons and grow up. No one grows up here; everything is to be the same until the end comes. A race up the valley—one mad, merry race, will make me forget. What say you, Mayblossom?"

"That it would be very nice, only for mother. She will cry so much. I've seen her cry so bitterly for you both, and now she must cry for me. I feel her tears hurting me."

"Nonsense!" cried Bienaime. "She cannot cry for me. I don't remember her." But he looked uncomfortable—and all the kittens felt something—they did not know what. They were all crying soon, but the cat moved in her sleep, and they dried their eyes hastily, and began to run about the cave.

Meantime, who can describe the scene at the castle when Mayblossom was missed? The Baron raved: he even threatened to hang poor faithful Kindheart. The Baroness fainted, and lay insensible all the time that search was being made for her child.

The Baron led the searchers. They found the "lady's companion"; they found the scissors; they found the dainty little shoes; but they did not find the Princess Mayblossom. They tracked her flying footsteps to the entrance of the Magic Valley: there the Baron learned for a moment on the crimson rope, and then went sadly home.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SEA.—The wonders of the sea are thus noted: The sea occupies three-fifths of the earth's surface. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch. It has been proved that at a depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. At some places the force of the sea dashing upon rocks on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and the water be allowed to evaporate in the sun, there would be two inches of salt left at the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick in the Atlantic. Waves are very deceptive: to look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times its height; hence, a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of sea.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.—Clouds weave the summer into the season of autumn, and youth rises from dashed hopes into the stature of a man. Well, it is even so that the passionate dreams of youth break up and wither.

Vanity becomes tempered with wholesome pride, and passion yields to the riper judgment of manhood, even as the August heats pass on and over into the genial glow of a September sun.

There is a strong growth in the struggle against mortified pride, and then only does the youth get an ennobling consciousness of that manhood which is dawning in him, when he has fairly surmounted those puny vexations which a wounded vanity creates. But God manages the seasons better than we, and in a day, or in an hour, perhaps, the cloud will pass and the heavens glow again upon our ungrateful heads.

INGRATITUDE is a mail which, driven into the tree of courtesy, causes it to wither: it is a broken channel, by which the foundations of the affections are undermined, and a drop of poison, which, falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavor.

A MEMORY.

BY R. M. BILLARD.

When autumn breezes crisply blow,
And autumn suns are mellow,
When maple leaves begin to glow,
And all the woodland spaces show
Their pomp of red and yellow,

I drop my knitting on my knees,
I fold my hands together;
And far beyond the maple trees,
And far across the rolling seas,
I smell the moorland heather.

First love is sweet! It came to me
In breezy autumn weather;
Across the moor the wind swept free,
Warm shone the sun where I and he
Sat knee-deep in the heather.

A waving fragrant sea it spread
All round in purple splendor;
White clouds went sailing overhead,
A lark was soaring when he said,
"I love you," low and tender.

* * * * *

His grave was made long years ago,
Beneath his homestead willows;
For me the scarlet maples grow,
And evermore between us flow
The wide Atlantic billows.

* * * * *

And still, when maple boughs are red
In breezy autumn weather,
Once more the moorland ways I tread;
Once more I hear the words he said
That day amongst the heather.

THE UMBRELLA.

Some years ago, writes a traveller, I happened to be at that most picturesque old city of Wurzburg, in Germany, on a showery May market day. The window of my hotel commanded the square.

The moment that the first sprinkle came over the busy scene of market-women and chafferers, the whole square suddenly flowered like a vast garden.

Every woman at her stall expanded an enormous umbrella, and these umbrellas were of every dye—crimson, blue, green, chocolate, and—yes, there was even one of marigold yellow, under which the huckstress crouched.

Some were surrounded with a perfect rainbow of colored lines as a border; and others wreathed about with a pattern of many hued flowers.

Presently out came the May sun, and, presto, every umbrella was closed and folded and laid aside: the flower garden had resolved itself into a swarm of busy marketers,

On reaching Innsbruck, I lighted on an umbrella maker's shop. I saw suspended, before the vault in which the man dwelt or did business, umbrellas the exact reproductions of what I had seen at Wurzburg—red, green, brown, blue, white—lined with pink, like mushrooms: and for the sum of about four dollars I became the happy possessor of one of these articles, which I proceed to describe.

The covering was of a brilliant red, and imprinted round it was a wreath of flowers and foliage, white, yellow, blue, and green, around the ferrule also was a smaller wreath similar in color and character.

This cover was stretched on canes, such canes as are well known in schools; and the canes were distended by twisted brass strainers, rising out of a sliding tube of elaborately hammered brass, through which passed the stick of the umbrella

The whole, when expanded, measured nearly five feet, and was not extraordinarily heavy, nothing like the weight of a gig umbrella. Walking under it was like walking about in a tent.

I met with no inconvenience whatever from my umbrella till I reached Heidelberg on my way home, and innocently walked with it under my arm in the Castle gardens on Sunday afternoon. Then I found it provoked attention and excited astonishment.

Such an umbrella had its social level, and that level was the market-place, not the Castle gardens; it was sufferable as spread over an old woman vending sauerkraut, but not as carried furled in the hand of a respectably dressed gentleman.

So much comment did my umbrella occasion, as to annoy me, spoil the pleasure of my walk, and force me finally to thrust it up my back under my coat, and with crossed arms to the rear, hug it up my spine.

On reaching home, the great scarlet-crimson (it was neither exactly one nor exactly the other)umbrella was consigned to the stand in the hall.

These reminiscences of my remarkable umbrella lead me to say something of umbrellas in general.

The umbrella comes to us from the East, from nations living under a burning sun, to whom shade is therefore agreeable. We can understand how the giving of shade came easily to be regarded as a symbol of majesty.

In the apocryphal cook of Baruch occurs the passage, "We shall live under the shadow of Nebucodonosor, king of Babylon, and under the shadow of Balthasar, his son."

Primitively, kings gave audience and delivered judgment seated under trees, not only because of the comfort of the shade, but also because of the symbolism.

But when sovereigns took to receiving suitors and dispensing justice indoors, they transferred with them within the symbol of the tree. Phylatchus, in describing the luxury of Alexander, says that the Persian kings gave audience under plane trees or vines made of gold and hung with emeralds, but that the magnificence of the throne of Alexander surpassed theirs

Curtius relates how the kings of India had golden vines erected so as to overspread their thrones, in their judgment halls. The throne of Cyrus was over-canopied by a golden vine of seven branches

From the East, the idea or fashion was transplanted to Byzantium, and the emperors had similar trees erected above and overshadowing their thrones.

But kings went about, and wherever they went their majesty surrounded them; consequently, with the double motive of comfort and symbolism, the umbrella was invented as a portable canopy or tree over the head of the sovereign.

The Greeks noticed and disapproved of the use of the umbrella. Xenophon says that the Persians were so effeminate that they could not content themselves in summer with the shade afforded by trees and rocks, but that they employed portable contrivances for producing artificial shade, But when he says this, he most certainly refers to the kings, for they alone had the right to use umbrellas.

But as the umbrella was a symbol of majesty held over the king's head, it behoved the royal palace to imitate the same and by its structure show to all that it was the seat of majesty. Thus came the cupola or dome into use, and what was given to the king's house was given also to the temples.

The great hall of audience of the Byzantine emperors was surmounted by a cupola.

From the royal palace the cupola passed to the church, as the crown of the House of the King of kings; and a dome was erected over the church of the Holy Sepulchre by Constantine, and over the church of the Eternal Wisdom by Justinian.

Grains of Gold.

The present is the golden moment of life.

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.

Enjoy our own life without comparing it with that of another.

The feeling of gratitude has all the ardor of a passion in noble hearts.

Envy is blind, and has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.

He enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to think so ourselves.

Equality is the share of everyone at their advent upon earth, and equality is also theirs when placed beneath it.

Mankind at large always resembles frivolous children: they are impatient of thought, and wish to be amused.

Men are but children of a larger growth, our appetites are apt to change as theirs, and full as craving too, and full as vain.

Kings and their subjects, masters and slaves, find a common level in two places,—at the foot of the cross, and in the grave.

Man should be ever better than he seems; and shape his acts, and discipline his mind, to walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven,

Femininities.

Five towns in Kansas now have women mayors.

The mother grace of all the graces is Christian good-will.

Patience is so like fortitude that she must be either her sister or her daughter.

"Bright things fell from Bessie's lips," in a recent novel, probably means that Bessie dropped the gold filling out of her teeth.

Niece: "Uncle George, do you think my photographs do me justice?" Uncle, critically: "Yes, Emeline; justice without mercy."

Two glances make one bow, three bows one "How do you do?" six "How do you do's?" one conversation, four conversations one acquaintance.

Mrs Taylor, an El Paso lady, fell 30 feet from a Memphis, Tenn., elevator on her bustle and escaped unhurt. Old papers for sale at all newspaper offices.

In the boudoir. Miss Susceptibility: "Mrs. Byron, what makes you suspect your maid?" Wide-awake woman: "My husband is always telling me how he hates her."

The girls will make up on ice cream this coming summer what they lost in sleigh riding the past winter. Let not the young men whistle until they are out of the woods.

A lady who was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument was told of his two beautiful children, replied: "Children are like toothpicks—a person wants her own."

At the theatre, Blobson, rising excitedly: "Down with that red umbrella in front!" Mrs. Blobson, drawing him back: "For mercy's sake, hush up! That ain't an umbrella. It's a new spring hat."

"We must give the twins names which will not begin with the same letter." "Of course, dear," replied the father. "Suppose," continued the fond mother, "we call one Ernest and the other Eugene?"

Mrs. Groundwater, the new police judge at Cottonwood Falls, began her administration by fining a plain drunk $5 and costs. On the same day she set a hen, made two gingham aprons, and returned five calls.

Bertha: "This is the very day to ask papa's consent, Arthur." Arthur: "Why, is he in a good humor?" Bertha: "No; he's frantic over my dressmaker's bill, and will let you take me off his hands at once."

"Wife, did you order that boneless liver as I asked you to do this morning?" "Yes, I did." "What did the butcher say?" "You're a mean, good for nothing old ape! Don't you speak to me again for a month!"

First young lady: "So poor Susan is dead?" Second young lady: "Yes, poor thing. She suffered terribly, didn't she? And only think, she couldn't wear that beautiful silk dress her mother gave her, and it's too short for her sister."

Little girl, at school: "What did the teacher send you here for?" Little boy: "She said I was bad and must come over and sit with the girls." "I like you. Can you stay long?" "Guess not; I wasn't very bad." "Well, you be badder next time."

Belinda: "How can Lucille marry that old fossil, Closefist. What if he is rich?" Amanda: "Do you know that he has heart disease so badly that the slightest shock may prove fatal?" "Ah, indeed!" "Yes, and Lucille thinks she will be able to shock him."

Too flattering. Mrs. Spitfire, handing her husband a photograph: "How do you like my picture, John?" "Who is it?" "Why, it's me! Who do you suppose it is?" "I wouldn't have known it. I never saw you look that way before." "What way?" "Pleasant."

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room. "It's an exercise from my new instruction book.—first steps in music," she answered." "Well, I thought you were playing with your feet," he said grimly: "don't step so heavy on the keys: it disturbs my thought."

"Do you think, my dear, that you are mistress of all the housewifely accomplishments which a woman should have before she is married?" Sweet girl, engaged: "Yes, indeed. I have learned how to knit smoking caps, and yesterday a married friend of mine took me to an intelligence office to teach me the difficult art of selecting servants."

An Indiana woman, who was twice divorced from the one man, disappeared after the second separation and he heard nothing from her until a few days ago, when she appeared at his home in Paris and asked permission to be married in his parlor to a man who accompanied her. Consent was given, and the couple were united with husband No. 1 and his second wife as witnesses.

Several weeks ago a woman in West Chester, Pa., allowed her little daughter to wear her diamond ring, which is valued at $300. The ring was then lost, and the little one could not tell where she had placed it. A few days ago a boy saw something sparkling in an ash heap near by, and it proved to be the ring, which had somehow been thrown into the fire. It was not burned enough to injure the stone.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck; "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gits up in the mornin', milks 17 cows, and gits breakfast for 30 hard-workin' men before 6 o'clock." "She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer, "she is pale and delikit-like. If that woman was strong I dunno what work she couldn't do."

Empress Augusta Victoria, of Germany, does not think it unbecoming to her dignity to personally superintend her nursery, and she occasionally persuades the Emperor to pass half an hour alone with herself and the royal children, and on such occasions dismisses everybody else from the chamber. Since his accession to the crown the Emperor has been the most devoted and affectionate of husbands, at least such is the news contained in a private letter from a lady in the suite of the Kaiserin.

Masculinities.

Adversity may be a good teacher, but she brings you down instead of bringing you up.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

From Pittsburg comes the story that one of her citizens, who is 72 years old, is to marry a girl of 16.

Jones (blowing a cloud of smoke into the air)—"I am very fond of a good cigar."—Mrs. Jones—"Then for gracious sakes get one."

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.

Fashion note—Last winter's coat, with the lining torn out, is fashionable for office wear. It should be decorated with red ink and mucilage.

The parsimonious man never casts his bread upon the waters hoping it will return to him after many days. He deals only in dead sure things.

A certain lady says that it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

Man is improvable. Some people think he is only a machine, and the only difference between a man and a mill is, that one is carried by blood and the other by water.

"Those biscuits would kill a mule," growled Squildig, as he surveyed a pile of those edibles of his wife's construction. "I think not, dear," she replied, sweetly. "Try and see."

Husband (severely): "What! another cheque! Suppose I were dead—you would have to beg for your money." Wife (calmly):—"It wouldn't be as though I had never had any practice, sir."

Applicant—"You say a terrible trial awaits me. Don't be afraid to tell me what it is." Astrologer—"Brace yourself, young man; the stars say you will wed a lady who has a passion for grand opera."

When a young lady shows you her photograph and asks your opinion of it, it is always safe to say, "It looks splendid." It is not, however, considered dangerous to add, "But it isn't any handsomer than the original."

Seeking fatherly advice. "I wish to propose for the hand of your daughter." "Which of them, young man? Which of them?" "Well, I don't know. Now, in confidence, which of them would you advise a fellow to take?"

A tailor dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The debtor said he was "sorry, very sorry indeed, that he could not pay it."—"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry but if you are sorrier than I am, I knock under."

These lovers of the Union are a little like the chap who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. "If that is the only remedy which can be proposed," he cried, "I, for one, say, let 'er palpitate."

First gentleman—"I suppose your song at the Duchess L's last night was a great success?"—Second Gentleman (a conceited tenor)—"Oh, parfait! Van I strike ze high C you ought to haf seen ze old Duchess clap her hands to her ears to hold een so beautiful sound."

At a big hotel. "Say, mister, gimme a room, and a good one. Nothing aside for me. You can't come any of your tricks on this citizen. I'm a fly man. I've traveled, and I won't have it." Clerk: "Front! Johnny, show this jay up to 712, and see that he doesn't blow out the gas."

Patient wife (of sick man): "Mary, bring in a glass with two tablespoonfuls—" Sick Man: "Dare your homœopathic doses. You want to let me die for want of medicine, don't you? Mary, bring in the glass half full." Wife: "This isn't the whisky, dear; it's the cod-liver oil." "Oh!"

Dividing the responsibility. Doctor: "Yes, you have a tremendous fever. Burning thirst, I suppose?" Patient: "Yes, terrific." Doctor: "Ah! I'll send you round something to relieve that." Patient: "Never mind about the thirst, doctor. You look after the fever; I'll attend to the thirst myself."

Fred, to chum: "What luck, Charley? Congratulations in order?" Charley, finally: "Fred, she told me that she loved another." Fred, sympathizingly. "That's tough, Charley, after all your devotion." Charley: "Tough? Why, Fred, in the past three months her father's dog has bitten me no less than seven times."

Customer, returning: "Didn't I give you a $5 gold piece just now by mistake for a 5-cent piece?" Merchant, positively: "No, sir." Customer, turning to go: "It isn't of any particular consequence. I had a counterfeit $5 gold piece that I carried simply as a curiosity. I must have lost it some—" Merchant, hastily: "Wait a moment. I'll look again."

Mrs de Pink: "Oh! Oh! Oh! I shall go distracted." Mr. de Pink (springing to her side): "My goodness! What has happened?" "The washerwoman has made a mistake and sent me one of Mrs. Westend's lace handkerchiefs." "Well, what of it?" "What of it? What of it? Oh you—you—. Why, Mrs. Westend must have received my miserably cheap imitation lace handkerchief, and it has my name on it."

In an English police court lately a man named Hanler, from Nottingham, was fined $5 50 for riding on the railway without a ticket. The train he was on was an "excursion" from Manchester to the Northampton races, and on the tickets being collected at Wellingborough, Hanler was found with five confederates sitting upon him. It was stated in court that the Midland Railway Company were defrauded to a great extent by this dodge and by persons riding under the seats.

The progress of a private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very distinct perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Confessions of an Abbe," is just translated from the advance French sheets and published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Its author, Louis Ulbach, is well known in Paris, where his romances have long been classed beside those of Zola and Daudet. His present work is noteworthy in many respects.

The second edition of "The Hygiene of the Nursery," by Louis Starr, M. D., Clinical Professor of Diseases of Children in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, is just issued. It is addressed to mothers, with a view of giving a series of rules which, applied to the nursery, can hardly fail to maintain good health, give vigor to the frame, and so lessen susceptibility to disease. These are most plainly, sensibility, and we may add attractively, given. Published and for sale by Blackston, & Co., this city.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Greifenstein," is one of powerful situations, in which when two brothers, having discovered they have been married to the same woman, take her life, and then commit suicide themselves. The complications extend still further, when two students, thrown together by chance, are made aware of the fact that they are step-brothers, as well as first cousins. It is a strange funeral, at which each acts as mourner for his father, uncle and mother at the same time. The heroine and guardian angel of the tale is Hilda, the daughter of the proud but decayed family, who, brought up in poverty, develops some rare womanly traits not often to be found in conventional society. The novel is one in which German family pride plays a prominent part, and the hero is saved from the disgrace which would attach to his name through peculiar matrimonial relations, by her gentle influence. The book is intensely interesting throughout. It well sustains the writer's reputation as a novelist of remarkable powers. Published by Macmillan & Co. For sale by Lippincott.

Rowell & Co's., "American Newspaper Directory" for 1889, has just made its appearance, and is full of valuable information to all business advertisers, newspaper people, etc. A comparison of the 1889 edition of the Directory with that for 1888, shows a net increase of 797 in the number of newspapers. The total number of periodical publications now issued in the United States and Canada is 17,107. In frequency of issue the chief divisions are: Weekly, 12,791; Monthly, 1,998; Daily, 1,584. New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Kansas each publish more papers than are issued in all of British North American. The total number of copies of one issue of each of all the publications amount to 31,799,500. Of these millions New York prints nearly a quarter of all, and Pennsylvania, Illinois and Massachusetts print more than another quarter of all. To ascertain the total number of papers issued in a whole year, the number of each sort found to be put forth at a single issue is multiplied by the number of issues put forth in a year, and the result is the almost inconceivable number of 2,959,566,500 copies. Of all publications, the weekly is most popular; the monthly stands next in public favor, and the daily comes third. It is believed that the United States and Canada have a total of rather more than 65,000,000 of people, and then allowing the usual estimate of 5 persons to a family, it may be presumed that the actual number of families may be set down at 13,000,000. Thus the grand total of 2,959,566,500—is found to be a figure sufficiently large to allow of placing 227 copies of some periodical every year with each of the 13,000,000 families which make up the population. The Directory altogether is a stupendous work, containing over 1500 pages, and is marked throughout by an earnest effort to make it a valuable medium for advertisers. Price $5.00. Published at New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

In *Cassell's Family Magazine* for May, a new serial, "A Woman's Strength," by Arabella Hopkinson, is begun. There is a paper on "The Prettiest Scenery Around London;" which will be appreciated by all who are familiar with that region; a lady describes how she furnished her house on no very great capital, and "The Family Doctor," is usually good. Then we turn to a California mining story called "Blazing Gluch," and to an account of "Travels in the Air" by Karl Blind, which does not tempt us to try the methods exploited. There is some "More about Puddings," a chapter "On Pedigrees," particularly interesting to Society readers! and an amusing account of "Mr. Bab Poot's Manifestations," and the fashion letters and other good things.

The May number of the *Magazine of American History* brings another entertaining chapter of fresh Centenial information, "Washington's Historic Luncheon in Elizabeth." The second chapter of the number, "Oak Hill, the Home of President Monroe," is also from the versatile pen of the editor, and is richly illustrated. The third contribution, is "Indiana's First Settlement." Then follows "The Harrisons in History," a notable account of the President's family; "The Historic Quadrille"; "Reminiscences of Mrs. Bradford," the daughter of Hon. Elias Boudinot, who was one of the ladies of the Washington circle, "Slavery in Connecticut," and "Louisburg, 1745, Bunker Hill, 1755." The Minor Topics and Original Documents contain, as usual, many and excellent features worthy of permanent preservation. It is a splendid number of an invaluable periodical. Published 743 Broadway, New York City.

OF AUCTION SALES.

A GENTLEMAN who had a mania for buying things because they were cheap had a gross of violins "knocked down" to him. Not being musical, hestored them in the cellar, where they remained until his wife, thinking he had forgotten all about his purchase, despatched them secretly to a neighboring auction room.

"My dear," said he, that same evening, "I dropped into B's to-day, and bought another lot of violins which were going at a little more than the last lot I bought."

The good lady said not a word, paid the auctioneer's commission with a sigh, and received once more the stock of fiddles which her husband had unwittingly repurchased.

Economists of this kind are by no means rare in our auction rooms. A bargain is a temptation that some people are unable to resist. Use or profit is with them secondary to cheapness. Hence the curious phenomenon that may often be observed of the stock of plumbers, gas fitters, jewellers and other trades, purchased by gentlemen and even ladies, who have no possible use for these articles, and have neither the means nor the wish to part with them at a profit.

A glance at the advertisement columns of the newspapers will give some idea of the extent and variety of sales by auction. In old days these sales were regulated by charter, and the only proclamation of them was by the voice of the crier, who still lingers in a few villages.

Another interesting custom which serves to show the limits set upon auctions is that known as "sale by candle." According to this rule no lot of goods could be competed for over a longer period than the time required for the burning of an inch of candle. How much business would be left undone if this custom still prevailed may be judged by a visit to one or two of the city auction marts.

In a large room of dingy appearance and stuffy atmosphere is a strangely mixed assembly. Seated round a horse-shoe table are men and women, whose keen glance and rapid fingering of goods, no less than their rusty black, bespeak the regular attendants at auctions. Behind them stand others of the same class—brokers, dealers in second-hand articles, and small shopkeepers.

On the fringe of this business crowd hang a few well-dressed people, who have dropped in out of curiosity, or with a desire to purchase something that has attracted their attention in the catalogue. In their immediate neighborhood hover those ubiquitous and obtrusive individuals called commission agents, the terror of unprotected ladies. They are, for the most part in London, Jews. Several of them meet you at the door and hold out catalogues for your acceptance. In your innocence you take one and thank the donor, who to your surprise, follows and stations himself at your elbow.

By-and-by an article attracts you, and you bid. Other competitors enter the field and among them is the gentleman at your side. Presently the goods are knocked down to him. To him? Not at all. He has been bidding for you, and demands for his services a certain percentage. To take his catalogue is, according to the custom of his class, to accept his aid. As these brokers are paid so much on the dollar, it is to their interest to run up the price—an operation which they easily effect by giving the signal to another broker, who enters the competition without any intention of purchasing. Should you decline both the catalogue and his services and proceed to examine the articles on view in the room, the broker will not lose sight of you. Directly you betray the slightest interest he will pounce upon you with advice and information. If you are not to be cajoled, and bid yourself for an article upon which you have previously bestowed some attention, the broker may himself become a rival, and even a purchaser, in order that he might afterwards sell you the goods at a profit.

Another difficulty in the way of private purchasers is the "knock-out." Several brokers agree to bid in for certain articles, and use every means of annoyance and trickery to prevent outside competition. The goods knocked down to them are afterwards put up to private auction, and the difference between the public and private prices is divided among them.

Formerly auctions were confined to books, pictures and articles of virtu. Nowadays there is nothing under the sun that may not come under the hammer. Estates, houses, shares, revisions, horses, cattle, birds, plants, jewelry, household goods, and even wives are sold. Each class of goods—except wives—has its special house. Some of these houses have a universal reputation.

Many articles, especially jewelry, are got up for sale, and purchasers, who are tempted by cheapness, very often find themselves in possession of sham and worthless wares. It also happens on rare occasions that a buyer secures unexpected value for his money. Not many weeks ago a lot of miscellaneous articles were knocked down to a second-hand dealer. Among them was an old stone filter, at the bottom of which were discovered bonds to the value of $60,000.

An auction room is an excellent place for observing curiosities of human nature. The qualities of the auctioneer vary with the requirements of his clients. He is quick and laconic, or slow and eloquent, as the occasion demands.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Poxzoni's Powder.

CHEERFUL JULIA.

Why is Julia now so cheerful.
Who for months has seemed so sad;
And her face, of late so tearful,
All aglow with smile so glad?

Not a doctor knew what ailed her,
And of hope they gave no ray;
Life was ebbing, strength had failed her
As she faded fast away.

Haunted, she, with apprehensions,
Of what Fate had still in store;
Fears of magnified dimensions
O'er her spirit, threatening, lower.

Want of sleep her nerves had shaken;
Grim forebodings made her sad;
Sleeping potions, vainly taken,
Drove the victim nearly mad.

Suffering pain beyond description,
Money spent was spent in vain;
Till the *"Favorite Prescription"*
Placed her on her feet again.

This is why she's now so cheerful,
Though for months she seemed so sad,
And her face, of late so tearful,
Glows again with smile so glad.

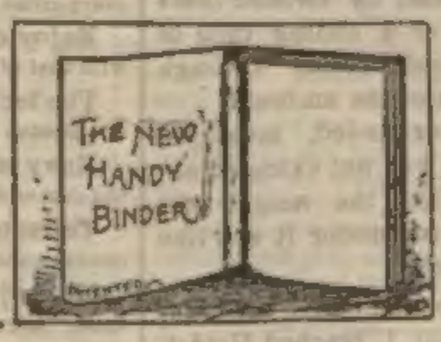
GUARANTEED. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments and weaknesses, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

Copyright, 1888, by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS. PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

"The Handy Binder."



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task for only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and conveniences of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture; it is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

THE EMPIRE GOWN.

Take a large-sized table-cloth,
Stitch two sides together,
Run a pucker round the top,
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some arm-holes near the neck,
Put the belt below them,
Just to touch the shoulder blades,
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,
Like a sail that's flapping
In the vagrant Southern breeze,
Mast and yard-arms tapping.

Tack some buttons up the back,
Two or three is plenty,
For you know an Empire gown
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck,
Sew it there or pin it;
Then, to make the gown complete,
Let the girl get in it.

The end of Lent—Borrowed.

Bull-headed—The gentleman cow.

Dining-room—An empty stomach.

High words—Dialogue in a balloon.

Family trees are frequently the shadi est.

The Emperor of China has ten men to hold his umbrella. It has never been borrowed yet.

The motto, "Live and let live," is very good in its way, but it does not do for the battle-field.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let it be candidly said that some book-agents are bigger bores than others.

Smith: "Well, thank Heaven, my daughters are ugly." Brown: "Why thanks?" "Well, you see, when their beaux call, they turn the gas down and save a great deal of expense."

It is said that a circular saw cut an Indiana man in two while he was talking politics, and he was so absorbed that he didn't notice the little incident until he had finished the argument.

A.: "The rudeness with which I was treated in that house beggars all description." B.: "My dear fellow, they have been just as rude to me." A.: "Yes, they know you. But I'm a perfect stranger to them."

A drunken fellow, having sold all his goods except his feather bed, at last made away with that too; and on his conduct being reproved by some of his friends he said, "Why, I am very well, thank fortune, and why should I keep my bed?"

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a "good place for hunting." Now, we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"Colonel Biconose made a singular mistake last evening. He took a big drink of tincture of aconite, thinking it was whisky." "Did it kill him?" "Kill him!" No! He's around trying to induce the saloon-keepers to keep the tincture on draught right along."

Lounder: "I tell you men may prate as they will about woman's extravagance, but she can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby." Slimoe, dryly: "That's true. Now, the sum that my wife dresses on keeps me looking shabby year in and year out."

Miss Marie, at the cooking school: "Do you mean to say, Chef, that we must put our bare hands into the dough?" Professor Tartopommes: "Sairtainly, m'mselle." Miss Marie: "Perhaps that is why I failed with my bread the last time. My gloves seemed rather in the way."

During a trial, the other day, the judge rebuked a stupid witness for speaking disrespectfully of public men; whereat the witness, in great alarm, exclaimed. "I beg your honor's pardon, an' I won't never ag'in say anything ag'in a scoundrel, for fear of hurting your honor's feelings."

Miss Wilkins was a beautiful blonde, and she wanted to go to Saratoga, so she told her mother, to look for something particular for her dear papa. "And what is it, pray," asked her mother, that you wish so much to find for your dear papa?" "A son-in-law," was the gentle reply of the blushing maiden.

The bill was all right. "Will you vote for my bill?" inquired the lobbyist of the legislator. "No, sir," replied the latter; "your bill is a swindle." "Why, my man, you must have the wrong bill in mind. I mean this fifty dollar bill." "Well, this appears to be a good bill," said the legislator, after examining it critically. "I'll vote for it, of course."

A newly married lady complained to her ma that on her reception-day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers announcing terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, ma, before our honeymoon is over." "True, my dear," replied ma, who had been twice divorced, "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them very useful in a year or two."

Husband—"It is time we started for the theatre, dear." Wife—"Yes dear, I'm ready, but I do hope, Henry, that that man won't come around to-night to wait for you outside. What he always comes to the theatre to see you for, I can't imagine. he must be a rude sort of person to hang around there waiting for you and taking you away from the side of your wife just when she wants to talk to you about the play." H.—"I—I guess he won't be around to-night, dear." He wasn't.

I INHERITED THE ASTHMA FROM MY father, and I feel satisfied that this disease would have put me in my grave years ago, had it not been for the benefit received from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.—Mr. WM. SMEDHURST, Seneca, Wisconsin.

KISSING CUSTOMS.—In the remotest ages, men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition to which Patriarch Job was never addicted as he emphatically asserts in the thirty-first chapter and the twenty-sixth verse of his book.

It was the custom of the earliest Christian bishops to give their hand to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar. The custom soon declined, however, as a religious ceremony, but it is still continued as a court ceremonial, the kissing of the hand of the sovereign being regarded as a mark of the highest favor in most of the kingdoms of Christendom.

In Finland the women consider a salute upon the lips as the greatest insult even from their own husbands.

It was at one time the custom of English duellists to kiss each other before firing. This piece of hypocrisy was satirised by John Wesley, under date June 16, 1758, recording a duel between two officers at Limerick: "Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards. Mr. J. said, 'Not six is enough.' So they kissed each other (poor farce!), and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

Mohammedans on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the Kaaba.

In Iceland kissing is severely repressed by the civil laws, and the consent of the lady to the salutation does not release the male transgressor from the liability to heavy punishment.

In Russia the Easter salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes the other. Chance acquaintances kiss when they meet. Principals kiss their employes the general kisses his officers; the officers kiss their soldiers; the Czar kisses his family, retinue, court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates, and a select party of private soldiers. In short, Eastertide in Russia is a carnival of "bread and cheese and kisses."

BEFORE His throne human decisions and projects have reached their end. There there are no more masters and servants; there dignities and titles are mere empty sounds, the crosses of orders and of honors a child's glittering toy.

As the distinction between rich and poor, distinguished and mean, ceases as unsubstantial, the words spirit and spiritless, famous and unknown, lose their meaning.

Here also the poet's laurels vanish as dry leaves, and the glory of human science fades away: here also, stripped of its splendor, is all that which the world praised as the most splendid development of the mind, yea, admired and idolized as worthy of eternal crowns.

Ye monuments of human art, invention and power, sculptures, statues, writings boasting of learning, poems which stirred millions, temples, halls, and palaces, ye had your time; but it is gone by.

A storm now sweeps off everything that is of this world and born of its spirit, that it may clear the place for divine monument. Only one thing avails, only one thing is acknowledged; and if this one thing is found in the breast of a publican, the publican is accepted, while the proficient saint who is without that one thing is rejected.

If the meanest day laborer possesses it, the day laborer is exalted, while the king who does not possess it is cast aside. For he can have no representative.

No nobility, no dignity, no virtue, no work can make up for that one thing where it is wanting. Everything depends on this one thing, and this one thing constitutes the whole difference between men and men before the Lord.

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age.

Never joke with a policeman.

Do not play chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Keep your own secrets.

Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

Write not one letter more than you can help; the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied, not to the stake, but to the post.

HOW IT HAPPENED.—In a police-court a wife thus ingeniously explained away serious charges of harsh treatment of her husband.—One day when she was running across the room with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way, and struck his wrist against the fork, wresting it from her grip by the prongs, which he ran into his wrist. Then he undertook to strike her, but she held up a pan of hot dish-water between them, and he spilled it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this incident, and started to jump at her, but his head came against her hand, and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, and the hair was moistened by the hot water so that it came off. Then she saw that it was no use to reason with him any longer, so she left the house.

HAD we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

A personal friend of Tamberlik, the famous tenor, sends to a London newspaper the following story of an incident which happened at Madrid, where the artist lived for the last 12 or 13 years: "One morning we were walking through the bird market, when suddenly he drew a bank note for a thousand francs from his pocket, bought up all the little creatures, opened the cages, and shouted laughingly as the birds flew up into the air, 'Go and be free, my brothers!'"

Love, in all its shapes, implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love.

THE VALUE OF LONGEVITY.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in writing of the value of longevity, says:

"Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame?

"Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle and Bichat left their inimitable works half finished; Raphael, Mozart and Byron died at the verge of a summit which perhaps no other foot shall ever approach.

"Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of Isis' temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would indeed, solve the vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the peculiar endorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalising tendencies, it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that trusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate.

"The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise"—and it can be prolonged and should be, with care and the use of proper medicine at the right time.

Owing to the stress, the worry, and the annoyance of every day life, there is no doubt but that tens of thousands of men and women yearly fill premature graves.

Especially after middle life should a careful watch be kept over one's physical condition. The symptoms of kidney disease, such as becoming easily tired, headache, neuralgia, feeble heart action, fickle appetite, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one the next, persistent cough, trouble in urinating, etc., should be diligently looked into and at once stopped through a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure, which has cured tens of thousands of such troubles and will cure yours.

Experiencing no pain in the region of the kidneys is no evidence that they are not diseased, as those great purifying organs have very few nerves of sensation, and oftentimes the kidneys are positively rotting and being passed away through the urine before the victim is aware he is suffering from advanced kidney disease, which is only another name for Bright's Disease.

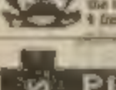
To preserve life and to be well while you live are two cardinal virtues, and it is time well spent to give this vital subject earnest and careful attention, and to use the knowledge acquired in a judicious and intelligent manner.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. *N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamps for reply.* B. F. J. & Co.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c.

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold



TURKISH HAIR GROWER.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet Free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

A SUFFERER from errors of youth, wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address J. C. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

GOOD SENSE

CORDED CORSET WAISTS

BEST for Health and Comfort

THOUSANDS now in use by

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and HEALTHY CHILDREN

Satisfaction guaranteed or MONEY returned.

FERRIS' Patent RING BUCKLE at hip for HOSE Supporters.

TAPE fastened BUTTONS. CORD-EDGE.

Button Holes.

Buttons at Front—instead of Clasps.

Children—.50 .70 .75
Misses—.70 .75 .80 .90
Young Ladies—1.00 1.10
Ladies—1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00

Mailed free on receipt of price.
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, New York.

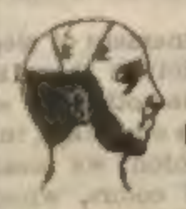
Send for Circular and Price List.

PERFECT FIT for ALL AGES.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agents.

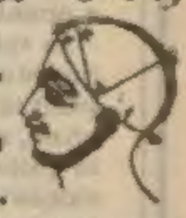
For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium" for a number of years, I cheerfully testify to its efficacy in removing dandruff and preventing the hair from falling out. It also renders the hair soft and lustrous.
MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 108 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1883.
Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleansing the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.
MRS. J. C. UHLE,
No. 618 Pine Street.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.
MRS. J. W. LODGE,
Merion Station, Montgomery Co., Pa.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "Tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.
Respectfully,
LEWIS S. COX.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

H. G. OESTERLE,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,

DEALER IN

CARPETINGS.

939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is such a variety of new shades this season and such a bewildering multitude of new names that the uninitiated will be lost within the mazes of this color craze. In the lighter shades of red there are perhaps a dozen, commencing with old rose, which is leading the race so far, and ending with wine red.

These shades are found in the China and India silk, a certain portion of woolen goods, and quite largely produced in all classes of cottons, from 7-cent calico to the higher-priced satines and ginghams. Despoir, we are told, is the name of a new and intense black, which is found only in the more expensive silks and fine wools, while lunar eclipse is a new moonlight gray, shown in perfection in the soft, fleecy wools.

In blues we find, in dark shades, the perennial navy, sapphire and bleu de France. The lighter shades all have a grayish tint; there are hussar blue, vieux blue, blue electric, telegraph blue, gobelin blue.

The grays, which include marengo, dark and light gris beige, gris mode, mode beige and reseda, all have a tinge of blue, green, lavender, or lilac.

Florentine red, Roman bronze, Labrador blue, English cherry, mahogany, rosewood and the rich amber of properly made coffee, are some of the color names used by a prominent house.

In spite of all the refinement of elegance introduced in modern toilets there is one point in which the crude notions of *naturalism*, so much in vogue nowadays, intrude in quite a repulsive fashion; we mean the names of new shades of colors, which are too often suggestive of things altogether unpalatable to a sensitive taste. A copper saucepan, smashed strawberries and dregs of wine were not very charming objects to occupy our fancy or suggest reminiscences in the fashionable tints of dresses, but the new appellation of the latest shade of pink introduced into fashion is more offensive still.

The color itself is a delightful rosseate tint, soft and delicate, rather more vivid than flesh-color, but paler than salmon. Someone, no doubt a ladies' tailor, not a modiste, exclaimed: "It is just the color of veal," and the expression was considered just and witty, repeated everywhere, so now we have dresses, bonnets, silk hose and feathers the color of veal! We must protest against this name. As if there were not enough pretty things in nature, flowers, fruits, precious stones, from which we could borrow a name without coming down to the unpleasant objects in a butcher's shop for an appellation.

Definite colors are considered heavy and vulgar; seal-brown, navy-blue, bronze-green are despised, and intermediate shades alone, dull and faded-looking, are in vogue. Blues incline to gray; reds are varieties of copper or brick; greens are of different kinds, some light, like young leaves and grasses in the first flush of spring, others dull, with a mixture of yellow ochre at the base. As for grays, they are clear as silver, bright as steel, but with nothing purplish about them as in the now old-fashioned pearl gray.

With the exception of a few small vetements in velvet, richly ornamented with passementerie or embroidery, and exceedingly pretty, although not presenting any particular novelty in form, there is as yet very little to be seen in the way of new mantles.

One of the prettiest and most novel of these vetements is a model intended for young ladies' wear, and consisting of a sleeveless blouse bodice, drawn in at the waist by a wide ribbon sash tied on the left side, and completed by a deep pelerine, slightly gathered round the shoulders, and mounted on a rounded yoke made to resemble a collar. The pelerine and yoke are richly embroidered round the edge, and bordered with a passementerie drop fringe, the fringe round the yoke falling over and concealing the mounting of the pelerine. The high collar is embroidered in the same way.

This little vetement is made in cloth, velvet, and velouting. Colored velvet is fashionable for small mantles of all kinds, but many of these are mere variations on the sling-sleeved models of last year, and do not call for a detailed description.

The dearth of novelties in mantles is undoubtedly due to the continued vogue for redingotes, of which there are innumerable varieties made of all kinds of materials. For ordinary outdoor wear, plain cloth of the finest quality is still much liked, but the Directoire style is giving way to other and more fanciful shapes. A very ladylike model, for instance in green cloth over a plain skirt and waistcoat of mastic cloth, although widely opened in front, has no Directoire revers, but, in place of these, a small pleated pelerine of the green cloth, falling over the top of the shoulder, and ending like an epaulet at the back, and brought down as far as the chest only in front. The skirt, at the sides and back, is very full, and long vertical pocket flaps are placed on each side; these are of mastic cloth, ornamented with gold buttons, to correspond with the waistcoat.

Another type of redingote that is likely to find many admirers, and that is suitable for cloth or faille, is made with a plain bodice reaching just below the curve of the waist, fastened invisibly down the centre, and ornamented on the upper part with revers of moire silk, meeting in front, and below these with a double row of large buttons. The skirt of the redingote opens over a tablier of moire silk; the corners are richly embroidered, the embroidery extending well up the fronts, and on each side are large embroidered pocket flaps simulating an added basque. The back is in full pleats; the collar and parements are of the moire silk.

The Empire style, again, is sometimes kept for the front of the dress, while the back offers the rather startling contrast of a Watteau pleat falling from the shoulders and ending in a long train. A dress that, in spite of its illogical treatment, is really very pretty and pleasing, has in front the crossed bodice, plain skirt, and wide sash of an Empire dress, carried out in embroidered white gauze over pink.

The skirt is bordered with the regulation ruche, and the front of the corsage forms the correct pointed opening; but the back, although composed of the same materials, belongs to another and totally different epoch, for the corsage is cut square, and the long wide Watteau train falls direct from the shoulders.

The trimming of the skirt is an important point now that these are made plain, for many of them are made entirely without draperies, and in others the straight folds of the over-skirt leave a considerable part of the under-skirt exposed. Dresses made of light fabrics, such as tulle, crepe, gauze, and net, have the skirt very much trimmed.

Goffered flounces are made to alternate with bands of satin or watered ribbon, and bullionnes, which are very fashionable, are divided by insertions of very open lace, consisting of rows of holes through which narrow ribbon is run.

Flowers and feathers, arranged in vertical lines, separating narrow panels of lace or of the dress material, are another favorite style of trimming. Toilettes of richer and heavier fabrics, whether intended for day or evening wear, are ornamented with embroidery or passementerie, both these classes of trimmings being still in great vogue, and made in a number of new designs.

The swiveled damasse is a new weave in decorative silk; these swiveled figures are wrought, each one entire, without carrying the thread or silk along to the next one; thus the fabric presents a much better appearance on the wrong side than is usual with damasse or brocbe goods.

Reversible Florentine silks for window and wall draperies are shown in all the new shades and handsome designs. The single-faced silk is more especially adapted to decorative purposes, as it is not so heavy and falls into graceful folds rather better. There is also a new curtain silk, with heavy knotted fringe across the ends only, of a new weave that looks not unlike the familiar basket pattern. This is of light weight and color, and admirably adapted for shading windows without excluding the light.

Odds and Ends.

THE RULE OF THE KITCHEN.

"Clear up as you go along," would be a very suitable motto to have hung up in every kitchen; it is the omission of this which always leads to muddle and unpunctuality. Some cooks are not satisfied unless they have every utensil dirty and the kitchen table crowded with food and every conceivable article. This should not be the case, and any woman who is orderly and neat will put away everything directly it is done with, filling dirty saucepans with clean water, and gathering up all the basins, plates, dishes, etc., she has had in use, and placing them in the scullery till the next washing-up time. It is a good plan to fill everything with water, so that the substances do not harden, in that case taking so much longer to wash. All food should be taken to the larder directly it comes into the house; it does not improve bread to stand for an hour or so in the hot kitchen, nor butter either.

One day in the week should be set apart, on which the kitchen and its belongings should be cleaned. Thus beginning with the:—

Range.—Clear out fireplace, pick out cinders for use, sweep soot from chimney with long brush, clean flues, and remove all soot with brush and rake for the purpose. Remove all grease from range by washing it off with boiling water, or rub it with turpentine. Mix some blacklead to a stiff paste, and rub it all over the grate with a brush, allow it to dry, and brush off, beginning at the top, and polish with a nice soft brush.

Steel Fender and Fireirons.—Rub them ard with medium-sized emery cloth, and polish with leather.

Iron Pots and Pans.—Wash thoroughly with hot water and soda, inside and outside, and use a pot brush; if they are very dirty a little silver sand may be used, rinsing them thoroughly afterwards.

Copper Pans.—Rub the outside with a cloth dipped in vinegar and salt till quite bright. Clean the inside with sand and soap, or salt, rinse with hot water, and dry. A lemon, after it has been squeezed, dipped in bath-brick, will clean the outside also, but acids must not be used for the inside.

Dish Covers.—Those made of block tin with electra handles may be cleaned in the following manner: Unscrew the handles, cover them all over with a paste of whiting and water, allow them to get thoroughly dry, and brush with a plate brush, polish with clean leather. The covers themselves should be washed with hot water and a little soda if they are greasy inside, and polished with metal paix pomade, rubbing off with soft cloth, and polishing with leather.

Tins may be cleaned with whiting in the same manner as the handles of covers.

Brass Pans.—Remove verdigris if there is any, with vinegar and salt, then clean with paste same as recommended for covers, and polish with leather.

Enamelled Saucepans.—Rub the inside well with a damp cloth dipped in coarse salt, and wash outside and inside with plenty of boiling water and soda.

Steel Forks.—Dip them in hot water, wash with a dishcloth, taking care that the handles are not put in water. Rub some brickdust on them with a soft cloth, and polish with leather. The taste of onions or anything objectionable may be removed by sticking the prongs in the earth or rubbing them in ashes.

Wooden Tables and Shelves.—Scrub them well with warm water, soap, and a little soda the way of the grain of the wood. Then scrub with plenty of clean cold water and brush, but no soap; boards if kept cleaned in this way should be as white as possible. Too much soda makes boards yellow, and too much soap, if not washed out, makes them muddy looking.

Victoria Soup.—About three pints of liquor in which fowls have been boiled. Place this in a saucepan on the fire, with the feet the feet, necks, and bones of the fowls crushed, a ham bone, or rind and bones of bacon, one onion, some celery sticks, a little parsley, two blades of mace, two lumps of sugar, a bay leaf, about 2 ounces of good rice well washed. Boil all together for about three hours very slowly; take it off the fire, and remove bones, vegetables, and mace. Rub the rice through a hair sieve. Return to the saucepan and bring it to the boil, add salt and cayenne. Have ready in the tureen a pint of boiling milk, on which pour the soup, and serve. Cream may be substituted for the milk, which, of course, is much better, or even a little cream added is a great improvement. Fried bread to be handed round with this soup.

Sugar Icing, for Cakes.—A teacupful and a half of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of corn flour, the whites of two eggs. Beat the whites very high on a soup plate with a knife till quite stiff, add the sugar and the corn flour mixed. Spread it on the cake when it is cool with a knife, and return it to the coolest part of the oven till it sets. It must not be allowed to get colored, as it should be perfectly white.

MRS. DEPINK: "Why, my own precious, darling daughter, what is the matter? Does your husband abuse you?"

Bride: "N—o."

"Does he neglect to provide for you? Are you starving—"

"N—o. I have more money than I know what to do with."

"Then what in the world are you crying for?"

"I—don't know."

"You foolish child! I—"

"Look here, ma, haven't I a right to cry if I want to? You are just as unreasonable as he is—boo—hoo hoo!"

Confidential Correspondents.

JENNIE W. G.—Glycerine and lime-juice will not injure the hair.

G. M. N.—For the warts which are such a source of annoyance, you will find the application of acetic acid as good as anything.

L. H. W.—The "Venus de Medici," the statue that "enchants the world," is 28 inches round the waist, so that you are only a little beyond the Greek ideal.

BOOMER.—The Oklahoma lands were acquired by the United States by conveyance from the Seminole Indians. These lands are in the Indian Territory.

B. B. B.—We have said over and over again that a million canceled postage stamps are valueless, and that all the tales about their being of any value are untrue.

R. R.—The following is as good a tooth-powder as need be desired: Take a piece of oatmeal cake, and burn it in the fire until quite black; then bruise it down to a fine powder, and apply it with the brush.

EXTER.—"Prohibition" means the prohibition by law of the sale of alcoholic beverages; and a "Prohibitionist," of course, is one who is in favor of such prohibition. This use of these words is distinctively American.

J. J. W.—A collegiate school, in the accepted meaning of the term, is not a college. The latter is a company, society, or corporation of persons of the same profession. It is also the name of the building in which they live, or associate for the purposes of their studies or callings.

EDGAR.—First-class post offices are those where the salary is $3000 and over; second class, where the salaries run from $2000 to $3000; third class, where the salary is from $1000 to $2000. All these are styled Presidential post offices. The fourth and fifth class post offices, where the salaries are under $1000, are under the direct control of the Postmaster General.

D. A. R.—It is not proper for an engaged young lady to make herself free and merry with a certain young gentleman in a quadrille class while her lover is present, or even when he is absent; but probably she has a bit of a tease, and delights in playing upon his over-sensitiveness. It is, however, a dangerous game, and the levity is severely to be condemned.

ANTONIO S.—"Vulgate" is a term applied to the Latin version of the Scriptures, authorized by St. Jerome. The older version called the "Italic," is said to have been made in the beginning of the second century. Critical editions of the Vulgate were printed by order of Pope Sixtus V. in 1590. The Latin Bible, called the Unity Bible, was printed in 1460.

TAFFY.—Hamburg is the chief commercial city of Germany. It was formerly one of the free cities, or Hanse Towns, united by the Hanseatic League, in 1241, for the protection of the commercial interest, but was absorbed into the North German Confederation in 1868, when Prince Bismarck rearranged Germany. It is situated on the north bank of the Elbe, about seventy-five miles from its mouth.

CHARLEY H.—The name of Orangemen was given by the Catholics of Ireland to the Protestants of the country, on account of their support of William III. Prince of Orange. It was in 1795 assumed as the designation of a political party by the Protestants, who formed loyal associations in opposition to the Society of the United Irishmen, organized in 1791, for the purpose of establishing a republic in connection with France.

HOUSEHOLD.—The best cement for fastening knives or forks in their handles when they have become loosened consists of one pound of colophony and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand, or brick-dust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated, and inserted in the cavity. When cold, it will be found to be firmly fixed in its place.

INQUIRER.—There are several—we may say—many different origins given of the expression "Under the Rose" used when secrecy is referred to or implied. The following is one of the stories connected with it least generally known: During the year 477 B. C., Pausanias, the commander of the fleet of the allied Spartans and Athenians, engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the deliverance of Greece into the hands of the Persians, and for the marriage of Pausanias with the monarch's daughter. The negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses, so that the plot, conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally formed "Under the Rose." Pausanias was betrayed by one of his emissaries, who planned that the ephori should secretly hear from Pausanias himself the acknowledgment of his treachery. He took refuge in the temple of Minerva, whence he could not be taken without sacrilege; therefore he was walled up in it, and left to starve; his own mother laid the first stone.

DEBATE.—The chairman did wrong to so decide. There is a new law in reference to the succession to the Presidency passed in 1886. Its chief clause says: "An act for the performance of the duties of the office of President in the case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice-President. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Secretary of State, or if there be none, or in case of his removal, death, resignation, or inability, then the Secretary of the Treasury, or if there be none, or in case of his removal, death, resignation, or inability, then the Secretary of War, or if there be none, or in case of his removal, death, resignation, or inability, then the Attorney General, or if there be none, or in case of removal, death, resignation or inability, then the Postmaster-General, or if there be none, or in case of his removal, death, resignation, or inability, then the Secretary of the Navy, or if there be none, or in case of his removal, death, resignation or inability, then the Secretary of the Interior shall act as President or Vice President until removed or a President shall be elected.